

The TATLER

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London, November 19, 1930

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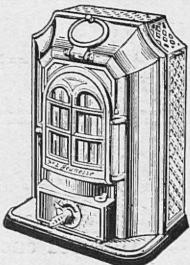
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No. 6

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The TATLER

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Price One Shilling



Eva Barrett, Rome

H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

A new and exclusive picture of Her Majesty taken at the Château of Laeken, Brussels. Her Majesty is the daughter of H.R.H. the Duke Charles of Bavaria, and married H.M. King Albert I. of Belgium in 1900 in Munich. Her Majesty is beloved not only by the subjects of her own country, but won the admiration of the world at large by her wonderful and devoted work in the hospitals during the War, and by her indomitable courage in the face of great adversity. In her private activities Queen Elizabeth is a very good amateur sculptor and violinist, and also a great believer in physical training

The Letters of Eve



WITH THE SOUTHDOWN: LORD GAGE, REAR-ADmirAL BEAMISH, AND HIS DAUGHTER GILIAN

At Ringmer, where these hounds met last week. Lord Gage is a captain in the Coldstream (Reserve) and Rear-Admiral Beamish is the member for the Lewes Division of Sussex



MOYRA CHARLTON, AUTHORESS, WITH THE PUCKERIDGE

Little Moyra Charlton is only eleven but has written a really charming book called "Tally Ho!"—the life story of an Irish hunter. Lord Lonsdale has written a fore-word which everyone will endorse. She has already finished her second book and is well into her third. She is the daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Charlton

TOUCHÉ, Candida. Your criticism of my invariable use of complimentary adjectives is justified to a certain extent. But isn't it better occasionally to give people the benefit of rose-tinted horn-rims, even if these do reveal rather more decorativeness than is discerned by the naked eye? In any case nearly everyone has a dart at looking pleasant these days and most of them succeed. In this week's chronicle I can promise you that no adjective shall be applied without due regard for truth.

It's hard to believe that hunt balls have begun already. However the Suffolk, always the first away from the starting-gate, held theirs some few nights ago at Bury St. Edmunds. This idea of having it the night before the opening meet is sound enough, since it makes sure of avoiding the clashing with other fixtures, which is what happens in January when they are five and six deep every night. The Athenaeum Hall sounds rather a solemn and high-brow place for such a function, but it was a gay affair complete with a good supper and the Embassy Band, to say nothing of most of the local celebrities. Among them Miss Felicity Cobbolt, who looked attractive in a black frock, with her fiancé, Mr. Bobbie Batt, and a young party she had brought from her home near Ipswich.

* * *

The very popular Master, Colonel Harold Hamro, and his wife brought several good contributions including their niece, Miss Peggy Hamro, who is the daughter of Captain Angus Hamro, Lady Joan Villiers, and Mr. Rupert Tollemache. Colonel Hamro is still suffering from



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF ZETLAND

On the way to the House of Lords for the Indian Round Table Conference. As an ex-Governor of that unrestful province, Bengal, Lord Zetland naturally is much interested. It is said that he found himself unable to accept the offer of the Viceroyalty of India

the effects of his bad accident at the beginning of the cubbing season, and there is little chance of his being able to hunt until the middle of next month. However he seemed in excellent spirits the other night, and was looking forward to making up for lost time when he does get going again. His place, Coldham Hall, is a most lovely old red-brick Elizabethan house, and in one of its rooms the Gunpowder Plot is supposed to have been hatched.

* * *

I was surprised to find what a number of the racing people had not gone north to Liverpool when I went to the Windsor meeting the other day. It's a picturesque little course, approached from the south side of the Castle and the playing-fields of Eton, and provided large fields and excellent sport in opposition to its formidable rival. The first person I met was Lady Zia Wernher, who had come to see one of her horses run. She looked wonderfully well-wrapped in a magnificent coat of Persian lamb, with deep mink collar. Very bright and cheerful too, though her filly was one of the many also-rans behind Lady Chesham's Swiss Navy, whose owner was present too. Others to be seen were Lord Glanely, Mr. Jimmie de Rothschild, Mr. Herbert Rich, whose long raincoat only partially disguised the fact that he had come straight on from a morning with the Berks and Bucks—and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh. Lord Wavertree had

made one of his rather rare appearances at a race-meeting to see a horse of his just beaten, and I also noted Mrs. Clayton, in deep conversation with Mr. Stanley Wootton and Colonel Wilfred and Major Francis Egerton.

Talking of the Egerton brothers, I wonder how many people knew that the eldest one, Lord Ellesmere, member and some time Steward of the Jockey Club, was a "marvel on the clarionet" in his Eton days. This and a lot of other interesting things I learned from Major George Cornwallis-West's "Edwardian Hey-Days," which has just been published. It is a most delightful book of reminiscences, touching lightly on all

the interesting people of those good old days when Society was a small body of men and women spelt with a capital S, and taxation did not bother anyone. He takes us from his earliest days, via governesses, preparatory school, and Eton, to the time when he joined the army, rather reluctantly, since he had wanted to go into diplomacy.

Then, after a short time of care-free existence, hunting in Ireland, and going everywhere, came the South African War, his entry into King Edward's special set, and so on up to the present. Major Cornwallis-West gives vivid descriptions of week-ends



AT DERBY RACES: CAPTAIN THE HON. DONALD AND MRS. ERSKINE

Captain the Hon. Donald Erskine is Lord Erskine's son and heir and is in the 9th Lancers. Lord Howard de Walden's three-year-old, who won the Markeaton Plate, was the surprise packet of the day and some thought it unwise to have let him run loose!

at Blenheim, and at Halston, where Mr. Alfred de Rothschild had not only his own private band, but his private circus with himself as ring-master. He tells a very interesting story of the Knole heritage, which is probably new to a great many of us. And a delightful one about some Japanese big wig who was asked the Japanese equivalent to the proverb "Penny wise, pound foolish." Instantly the answer came. "The man who goes to bed early to save candles gets twins!"

* * *

Each year at about this time I make two alternative resolutions, both good in their way. The first is to buy no Christmas presents at all, thereby saving donees that sinking feeling attendant upon (a) an unwanted gift; (b) the necessity of replying

in kind to an unlooked-for gesture. The second resolution is to embark at once on an orgy of shoppings so as to track the perfect offering to its lair before the whole world joins in the desperate quest.

Needless to say neither of these well-laid plans ever materialize. However, I am determined that this Christmas shall be a bookish one as far as I am concerned, there being so many good new publications which demand presentation.

"Thy Servant a Dog" is high up on my list, because I can think of so many owners of small and precious four-footed persons who would love

Rudyard Kipling's new book. Eleanor Helme's story of an Exmoor pony, "Jerry" by name, with Cecil Aldin illustrations, has been allotted with confidence to various young friends and relations, for one can gamble on its reception being a good one.

* * *



THE COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY AND MR. BASIL JARVIS

Another snapshot at Derby races, where Lord Rosebery had some of his running. Everyone is full of sympathy for him and for poor Bodington, the huntsman to the Whaddon Chase, who has been laid up by a bad fall in which he dislocated his hip. It was at one of the first adventures of the season, and naturally has upset things very considerably



AT A FRENCH SHOOT: THE COMTE DE CLARY

At a recent shoot given by M. Lederlin near Paris. Comte de Clary is rated one of the best shots in all France. Prince Nicholas of Rumania was also one of the guests at this shoot

* * *

A third tome that I intend to pack up at Christmas-time is of a different genre, but I can safely recommend it for your perusal. "The Fourth Seal," Sir Samuel Hoare's just-published contribution to War literature, is an account of political and military intrigue at Petrograd, the result of his experiences as head of our British Intelligence Mission there. The author, you may remember, is president of the famous Suvretta Skating Club of St. Moritz, but I should imagine that never did this expert skater negotiate such thin ice as when he discovered the real truth about the Russian Government and warned our people that the notorious "steam roller" was not likely to function much longer. It is an absorbingly interesting book, written in admirable English.

* * *

After this peroration on food for the mind, an occasion for bodily sustenance next calls for comment. The place was the Savoy, the meal in question, luncheon, and among the suave observing the fare were Lord Westmorland and Mr. Lionel Montagu. Lady Diana Cooper was looking her best and no one could say fairer than that of such a perennially decorative figure. She was with the Marchese and Marchesa Marconi not long back from an Adriatic cruise in their wonderful yacht, *Elettra*.



LADY BURNLEY

The charming wife of Sir Dennistoun Burney, who went to Canada and back in the "R 100," Lady Burney is chairman of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball at Grosvenor House on November 24, which is in aid of the Women's and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital.

Mr. Bobbie Redhead and his attractive wife were on view as well, he full of plans and preparations for Miss Redhead's wedding. The engagement, as I write, has not yet been announced, but Miss Rita Redhead's fiancé is Monsieur René d'Estrainville, and the marriage is fixed for the 11th of next month in Paris. The bride is a cousin of Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, and all the family including her brother, who is to give her away, will go over *en masse*. M. d'Estrainville is something of a celebrity in French sporting circles, and possesses a vast collection of friends and acquaintances.

* * *

Miss Thetis Wilson and Mr. Ian Malcolmson, whose engagement has just emerged, are a good match for each other, in height at any rate. I always admire her tremendously, with her small, dark head placed so high up in the world. Her mother is half Italian, so a good deal of time is spent in the southern sun. Otherwise Miss Wilson is to be found at home in Regent's Park, in a lovely house with the most enchanting view, and within quacking distance of the ducks.

* * *

Mrs. Malcolmson, her future mother-in-law, has lovely silver white hair and a young face, which is such an attractive mixture. Being a sister of Lord Belper, Derbyshire sees her sometimes, though probably not often enough. Colonel Malcolmson wields a pretty pen on poetic lines, and to complete the picture of the family, their daughter, Nancy, is an ardent disciple of the horse, and has studied his peculiarities at Malvern.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Talking of tuition in the art of bestriding a horse, the modern system of advising the young how to coerce these savage creatures is in marked contrast to the old pre-War plan of letting them learn by accident in both senses of the word. The result is that children ride remarkably well, and many can cross a country with no loss of respect or seat. As long as this enthusiasm can be instilled at an early age there is no risk that the horse will go out of circulation.

Jeanetta Paynter carries out the theory of heredity, being the daughter of General George Paynter and grand-daughter of Lady Hunloke. She has taken to coming out with the Belvoir Hunt and rides her pony to the manner born. Lady Ursula and Lady Isobel Manners, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, are never so happy as when they are allowed to go hunting, and cause their pursuing groom on a puffing palfrey a good deal of anxiety.

* * *

Miss Diana Pelham frequents the same country and looks as workmanlike as her mother, Lady Conyers. Another Diana, belonging to Major Charles and Lady Eileen Clarke, is already quite famous in the show ring; her brother Sandy earns his share of the spoils, but few competitors get a chance when Miss Peggy Pacey enters the lists. In a rather older category she was one of the English champions who went with Mr. Cecil Aldin's party to Le Touquet, there to do battle with the French children in gymkhana, etc. Boys don't get so much chance of shining in horse sports at an age when school claims their attention, but John Warrender is getting a good grip of the idea before other subjects intervene.

Once having begun this line of thought I find that dozens of most worthy names should be written for which there is no space. Cornwall has a retiring position on the map and the inhabitants follow suit, but I cannot fail to mention Anne and Peter Coryton, whose negotiation of Dartmoor would have gratified their grandfather, Mr. Coryton of Pentillie, for over thirty years a famous M.F.H.

* * *

Bertram Park



THE HON. CHRISTOPHER AND MRS. FREMANTLE

Whose wedding took place at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, last week (November 12). The Hon. Christopher Fremantle is the younger of Lord and Lady Cottesloe's two sons, and his bride was Miss Anne Huth Jackson. She is the daughter of the late the Right Hon. Frederick Huth Jackson and of Mrs. Huth Jackson.

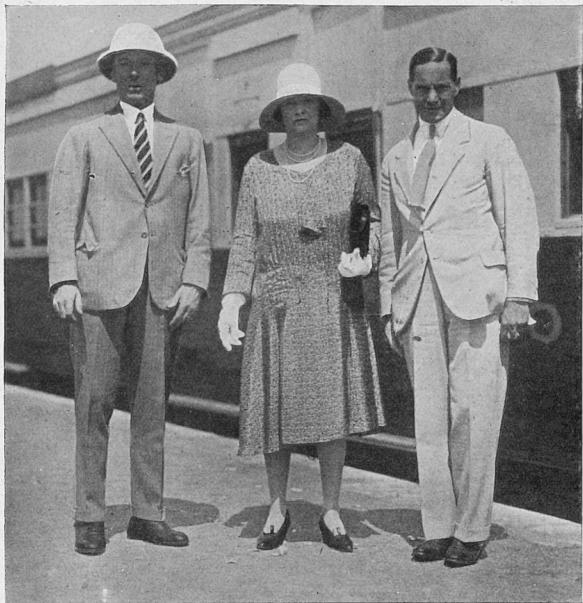
Captain Buckmaster always manages to do something out of the ordinary when he sets himself to raise money for his East End Boys' Clubs, and this year his dinner, cabaret, and dance, which is fixed for the 14th of next month, will have several very special attractions. To begin with he has managed to secure Maurice Chevalier to give a turn or two—what do you think of that? He has also got Sophie Tucker as well as Violet Loraine, who does not seem to have lost one particle of her popularity since she retired from public life. The show is to come off at the May Fair, and as the three-guinea tickets include wines and cigars besides everything else, it seems a cheap as well as a pleasant way of helping these boys. Another good party promised for next month is the Bal Masqué on the 2nd at the Savoy in aid of King's College Hospital. Lady Pembroke is the moving spirit of this affair, which is to be distinguished by the presence of the Prince of Wales, while Beatrice Lillie and Douglas Byng are making themselves responsible for the cabaret. Lady Pembroke's own domino is being copied from one in an old print at Wilton.—With love, EVE.

NEWS IN PICTURES

*Miss Compton Collection*

LADY ALINGTON AND HER DAUGHTER

Who was christened Mary Anna, and is fourteen months old Lady Alington, formerly Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, is Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's eldest daughter, and married in 1928

AT THE CAPITOL FOR THE VIRGIL CELEBRATIONS IN ROME:
SIGNOR F. GIUNTA, MARCHESE MARCONI, SIGNOR MUSSOLINI,
SIGNOR FEDERZONI, AND PRINCE BONCOMPAGNI - LUDOVISI

MR. AND MRS. JACK HOBBS AND HERBERT SUTCLIFFE

Photographed on arrival in Bombay on their way to Rajputana. England's famous opening batsmen, whose Test partnerships have alas now been dissolved, are to spend the winter playing cricket for the Kumar Sahib of Vizianagram's team. The interesting snapshot of Italian notabilities was taken outside the Julius Caesar Hall, where the solemn Virgil celebrations were held under the aegis of Marchese Marconi, President of the Royal Italian Academy, and attended by Signor Mussolini, the Premier. Signor Federzoni is President of the Senate, and Prince Boncompagni-Ludovisi is Governor of Rome. Last week, in a special congratulatory birthday message to British broadcasting published in the "Daily Express," Marchese Marconi declared, "We are only at the beginning of the development of broadcasting." Mr. Paget-Stevenson (right) is the very popular Master of the Old Berks. Their opening meet was held at Tubney House, the home of Colonel Bourne, one of the leading authorities on carsmanship

*Howard Evans*
WITH THE OLD BERKS: COLONEL G. C. BOURNE,
MR. PAGET-STEAVENSON, M.F.H., AND A FRIEND

The Cinema :

THE ways of the film mind are strange and peculiar. I suppose there is no film critic in London who has boasted more indefatigably and persistently than I have done the efforts of the little Avenue Pavilion to keep flying the flag of good cinema. In and out of season I have blazoned in these columns the virtues of that little theatre, so much so that I have lived in weekly expectation of a note from my Editor informing me, in the words of Hamlet, that "this eternal blazon must not be," or more probably to give this cinema a rest and some others a chance. I am referring more particularly here to the days before this theatre turned purely topical, although in its new rôle the little Avenue remains one of the most fascinating places in London. One does not, of course, look for gratitude, since to praise the best when one comes across it is only one's duty. But on the old definition of gratitude as "a lively sense of favours to come" one might have thought that a new organization formed to carry on the old work of this little theatre might have befallen itself of the more vigorous of that theatre's former champions. During the last week the usual oceans of illimitable publicity guff have deluged my desk; not one drop of information has been vouchsafed me concerning the new enterprise of the Film Group. But I am not a vengeful soul, and I therefore quote the following from "The Times" of the morning on which this article is being written: "For some time there has existed in London a group of people united by a common interest in the cinema and a desire for the wider circulation of the best available films. The Film Group therefore proposes to establish a theatre in London for the regular presentation of the best available silent and sound films, both new and repertory; to acquire interesting films not generally available, and render them accessible on advantageous terms to societies throughout the country; and to provide its members with a bureau for reliable information concerning the whereabouts, hire, and history of films." "The Times" article goes on: "Interested persons are being circularized with regard to the support they are willing to give to the scheme and the possibility of obtaining the nucleus of a regular audience. . . . The address of the Film Group is 41, Manchester Street, London, W. 1."

I have only two things more to add. One is that I am an interested person not at present being circularized, that I propose to be part of the required nucleus, that if necessary I will pay for my seat, and that I will in these columns give the venture exactly the amount of support it deserves. My second and last observation is that the pluckiest little ventures need all the championing they can get, and that even the smallest champion takes unkindly to snubbing. On reconsideration perhaps that isn't all I have to say on the subject. I am just a little wondering whether there is any risk of the Film Group being the Film Society under another name. I am reminded to put this query because the same article informs me that the forthcoming production by the Society of *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, a production which will be over before these lines appear, proposes to render on the screen "the spiritual sufferings" of that young woman. A mere photographer might, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in such an attempt, but I am certainly not going to say that what is the theatre's meat is necessarily the cinema's poison. What does alarm me is the statement that "the predominant use of the 'close-up' tends to monotony, and a feeling of almost hysterical relief is experienced when the camera is allowed to show a more distant view." May I put it this way, that on Sunday afternoon

The New Film Group By JAMES AGATE

what I personally crave is not hysterical relief but hysterical excitement, and that I will not if I can help it go to any theatre, cinematographic or otherwise, to be bored?

Let me admit frankly that my acquaintance with the work of the Film Society is not as large as could be desired. Many a time and oft I have happened to pass the theatre from which the Film Society's audience was emptying itself, and the sight of a number of young men endeavouring to look like Mr. Lytton Strachey accompanied by an equal number of young women trying to look like never-mind-whom has been such as to give the vulgar mind pause. One afternoon I ventured in for reasons not unconnected with the fact that my bridge club was indulging in its triennial spring-cleaning and that the Albert Hall was occupied with Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*. The piece of resistance for that Sunday afternoon took too much resisting for my fancy. The film was M. André Gide's *Voyage au Congo*. Now M. Gide, fine writer though he is, is to be read furtively in our more surreptitious alcoves, and I shall freely confess that my interest was prurient. Imagine my horror when I was asked to contemplate for what seemed like two hours the shoulder-blades of thousands of African negroes too shy to face the camera. Ultimately one of them did turn round and I realized that what fate held in store for this dusky belle could not be for me a matter of interest. I hasten to say that there is no implication in the foregoing that the Film Society is not doing good work. The point is that it is doing work just a little too good for me, and that I hope the Film Group will find a middle way between the twaddle of Hollywood and preoccupation with life in Soviet cellars. Which, unless I am greatly mistaken, is another foible of our film-high-brows. Let the new group model its activities on such films as *Finis Terrae*, and let them above all avoid the film which is merely a photograph of something the stage does better.

Above all, the new group will be doing a wonderful service if it can preserve as a repertory item such a film as *The Dawn Patrol*. This is easily the best War-film and one of the best films of any kind that I have ever seen, and for once in a way I should like to praise the "preliminary literature" sent out in connection with this film.

Mr. A. L. Carter, who is responsible for it, says simply:

"The theme is that in war the individual is negligible, that everything is subordinate to the national needs. Nothing matters but the maintenance of man-power—as one hero is killed another steps into his place and the chain is unbroken. This picture forcibly shows the stark realities of war, the impersonal remorselessness of the war machine, and the divine humanity, the brotherly love, the self-sacrifice, and the superb sportsmanship of those who are its victims. There is no inane love-interest in *The Dawn Patrol*. Nevertheless the whole story teems with human interest."

I have quoted this in full because it is a measured statement which sets forth with complete accuracy what the film achieves. As a piece of craftsmanship the film is perfect, while the acting of Messrs. Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, and Edmond Brion, the English actor, is first class. In addition it is a pleasure to chronicle a very fine piece of sensitive portraiture by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, jun. I saw this film on Armistice afternoon, and can testify to the fact that the house was held throughout in deep interest and emotion.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxiv

"NIPPY," AT THE PRINCE
EDWARD THEATRE



MR. ARTHUR RISCOE (CRUMPT) AND MISS BINNIE HALE
(NIPPY GREY) IN THE TEA-SHOP SCENE



BOB (MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON) AND NIPPY (MISS BINNIE HALE)



THE RE-UNION—"NIPPY'S" TRIUMPHANT RETURN: MR.
CLIFFORD MOLLISON, MISS BINNIE HALE, MR. ARTHUR
RISCOE, AND MISS BETTY SHALE



MISS BINNIE HALE AS THE FILM STAR

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

The Quorn met on Friday at Beeby and for a wonder were not stopped by fog, frost, hailstones, or flames of fire, as is usually the case. The most courageous of all foxes from Barkby Spinneys broke through the mechanized fox-hunters on the road, and crossing the brook left Reggie in a brand new swallow-tail plumbing the depths. Hounds hunted well through Barkby Holt to Botany Bay, and thereafter the usual hill-climbing tests were held round Lord Moreton's covert. Four or five holloa-thers constituted a record by getting so far in front of hounds that they lost them. This feat was, it is believed, pointed out to them.

On Monday at Ragdale Hall the portrait of the late Major Paget, subscribed for by members of the hunt, was presented to Mrs. Paget. A pack of hounds are not made in a day or a year, and it is and has been to his knowledge, enthusiasm, and untiring energy that we owe 90 per cent. of the fun we've always had. The beautiful fifty minutes hunt from Walton Thorns on the most twisting of foxes was a further tribute. So enclosed was this country that horses began to tire and fall towards the end, the deleterious effect of water on wooden rails alone saving Toby from a hair-raiser, while the insufficient action of the aforesaid water turned Marjorie plinth upwards over a stiff flight of rails. No damage done, though as usual every known form of injury was attributed to her during the afternoon, and Nellie Taylor's flower-shop looked like being inundated with orders for tuberoses and lilies. Jackie drove a hard bargain to buy the mendicant's scarf to bandage the bleeding horse, but he wisely refrained from touching it. The horse is said to be now under observation for chronic leprosy.

From the Belvoir

A lovely but scentless day was the misfortune of the Belvoir at their opening meet on the Leicestershire side at Croxton. Hounds couldn't run a yard and, as is always the case, the field could and did until the new Master bore down on them on his gigantic chestnut horse. One small child and pony were missing after the charge, but a hoof-pick brought them to light at evening stables quite undamaged. Just as well for our racing correspondent that there wasn't a "guard-rail" in the fence on to the road. Saturday at Normanton drew a large number in boxes from the Melton side, but probably partly owing to a wild night foxes were hard to find. Staunton was a great disappointment and made one doubt the wisdom of matrimony. From here to the Rectory covert was the quickest thing of the day, George being in a desperate hurry to find before darkness fell. A cub badly afflicted with nostalgia broke from here and looked like attacking Charles when he tried to keep him from getting back. He was caught and eaten. Hounds hunted prettily from Jericho to a mile beyond Granby Gap, where they were stopped. Undoubtedly this pack has never been in better shape or the servants better mounted.

From the Beaufort

Congratulations to Master and Tom for having accounted for seventy odd brace, to say nothing of Tom distinguishing himself killing that famous Black Un of Tom Rich's, and "Oh, what a rush for the brush!" Our opening meet was at Newton Lodge on Tuesday, where a large field turned out to greet our Joint Masters. Bert looked smartness itself in his cap. We had a capital hunt from a kale field which led us over a very nice bit of country, well into the V.W.H territory. Plenty of leaping and plenty of grief, but "oh, how blind." Master had a khushy one, Bert one, and our F.M. two, the latter a good christening to

his new coat; glad to say no real damage done, but we are told ivory is very expensive! We wonder if George knows (after he jumped those rails) how popular he was with the fairer sex. His motto: "Keep the home fires burning." Bad luck Dolly having the grey kicked after carrying her so well. She must practise him in the art of entering the caravan. The meet at Dunkirk was devoted to hunting the ducal foxes with a bad scent. How those Sodbury Vale foxes love the new shooting tenant at Dodington. Everyone was sorry for Master, but let's hope that someone reaps the benefit. We were glad to see the retired gallant captains, Leslie and Phil, out again, and judging by the looks of their horses they will be soon showing us the way.

From Warwickshire

Delightful scene!

When all around is gay, men, 'osse, dogs,
And in each smilin' countenance appears
Fresh bloomin' 'ealth and universal joy.

Thus the poet describes the opening meet, but the vital omissions must be rectified. First; good to see the sporting châtelaine of Compton Verney dispensing hospitality and once more fit enough to hunt. Then what a "new entry" in ladies' top hats—not quite a level lot but numerically strong! Scent and sport poor. Bowshot held a fox who, after an *aller et retour* hunt to Hell-hole, suddenly gave us a sharp burst through the Park, right-handed swing past Conbrook to ground at Brookhampton—bolted and killed.

Long Compton morning, still no scent, but in the evening hounds raced, quite alone except for the Whatcote couple, from Weston to Barton. Poor K. D. G., his help to the one-legged has indeed earned him a season's exemption from further good deeds.

Thursday—Famous Shuckburgh! Perhaps rather Fickle Shuckburgh! No fox on the Hill, or in the Laurels. Calcutts produced a twisting devil who eventually yielded up his brush, whilst Sawbridge saved the day from utter failure with a seven-mile point to Print Wood. Poor Hutt with his broken leg—real rough luck! Wroxton closed the week's sport. Jos' with his beaming smile much missed; let's hope he will soon be out.

From the Ferne

Our opening meet at Gumley Hall presented a gay scene with hounds and hunt staff looking their best. The Hon. Mrs. Murray-Smith welcomed all comers who managed to struggle through the crowd. There was much jostling amongst hounds moved off, but all arrived

safely in the big park. There one member dropped his crop. Dismounting was simple, but to pick up and approach a yawning brute who backs away from you is a different affair; however, by coaxing and a few unsaid words the rider regained the pig-skin. Grey hunters are prominent this season. Lady Zia Wernher and Mrs Edmonstone both favour greys of special merit. It was pleasing to see that veteran and pillar of the hunt, Mr. Harry Mills, out again. The general's wife, who was afoot, had a lucky escape from a kicking horse. One member arrived by aeroplane, but did not land amongst the pack. The country, still blind, was no deterrent to the thrusters, who had a cut at it and several hit the ground. A nice hunt from Bosworth Gorse to Walton and Kilworth was the thrill of the day. Cubs having now become foxes, sport will proceed as usual. The meet at Evington on the Thursday being in close proximity to Leicester drew hundreds of foot people. Lady Beatty, Lady Kathleen Rollo, one of the few who look well astride, and Lord Borodale were with us. Cars were unusually numerous. Two top weights in a two-seater found themselves ditched, but were

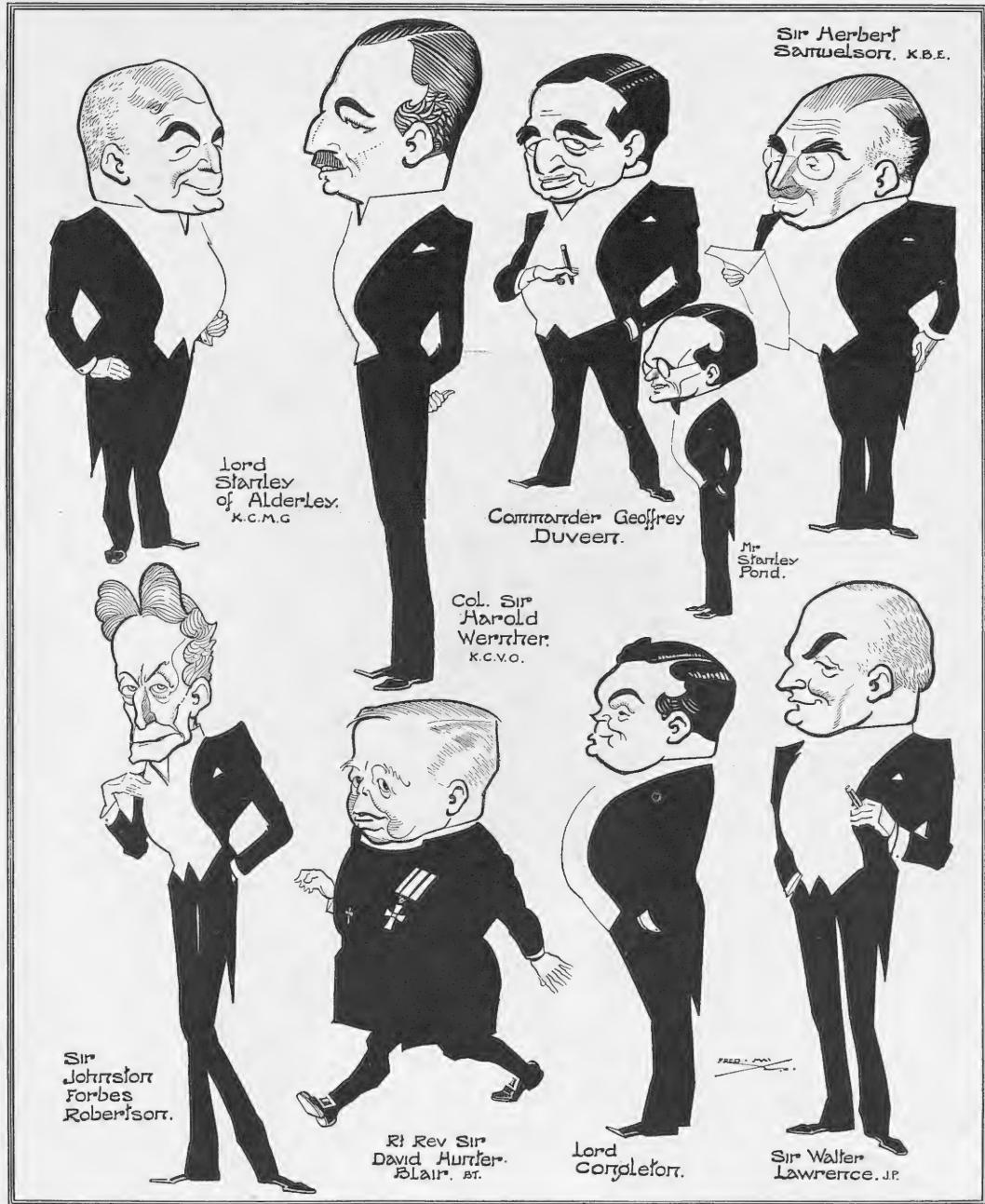
(Continued on p. vi)



Poule, Dublin
AN AMERICAN VISITOR TO IRELAND—MRS. GOULD-SHAW AND HER DAUGHTER PENELOPE

Mr. and Mrs. Gould-Shaw are amongst the large number of Americans who are in Ireland for the hunting this season, and this snapshot was taken at a meet of the North Kildare Harriers near Leixlip.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL DINNER



AT THE MANSION HOUSE—BY FRED MAY

The festival dinner in aid of the University College Hospital, which was held at the Mansion House, and at which H.R.H. Prince George took the chair, resulted in the handsome sum of £7,000 being collected round the table, as may be said. H.R.H. Prince George made the speech of the evening, "University College Hospital," and "Success to the Appeal" was proposed by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, whilst the health of the Royal Chairman was proposed by Colonel Sir Harold Wernher, K.C.V.O., M.F.H. Sir Walter Lawrence and Lord Congleton are on the Hospital Committee, and Sir Herbert Samuelson is Chairman and Treasurer of University College Hospital

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

"Purilia" with a Vengeance.

THE worst of it is, I believe every word of Jan and Cera Gordon's shrewd, amusing, and very informative book, "Star-Dust in Hollywood" (Harrap, 12s. 6d.). The worst for Hollywood and its "stars," that is. By their works ye shall know them, and look at the bunkum which is too often the fruit of their endeavours. Was there ever such a fantastic place on the earth as this picture-suburb of Los Angeles? Colossal fortunes pouring into a few laps, the rest struggling tragically with hope in the face of disappointment. An enormous amount of technical knowledge merely to gratify for the most part the romantic emotions of house-maids. Was ever fame made upon such few merits as is bestowed upon the Hollywood "stars" who come and go? Apart from the more mechanical processes film fame is mostly luck first and last. The superlative of publicity alone succeeds. It is the art of playing down to your audience which is the essence of its success. And an art indeed it is. For example, the Gordons tell us of a house full of famous authors paid at the rate of £60 a week, in the hope that one of them will eventually think out a plot which will appeal to the ninepenny intellect without offending the intellect which likes to imagine itself metaphorically half-a-guinea. And the result. . . . Well, take the case of Sam Ormitz, a rising young author of the realistic school. Because he had made a certain success with a book Hollywood raked him in. He wasn't a great success at first, but one day he did think of a fairly original theme. The theme was the story of a young girl, the mother of an illegitimate child, who was at last forced to go upon the streets in order to provide for her baby. Whereupon a fussy moral society immediately deprived her of its care because palpably she was unfit to bring it up. Heart-broken, the young mother spends the rest of her life in an attempt to drag herself back to social respectability in order that she may get back her child.

Well, what did Hollywood do with this tale? Hollywood said that they couldn't have a street-walker for a heroine, so they made the girl just the victim of a young man's persuasion. She was of course married to her lover, but when he got killed she discovered that she had lost her marriage licence. So when the child is taken away from her after this she determines to work her way back to respectability. Having achieved this and got back her child, who should suddenly appear but her husband, who not only wasn't killed after all but turns out to be the son of a millionaire. Yes, certainly the mentality of Hollywood is unbelievable until you read such an entertaining book as this one by the Gordons. Its whole atmosphere is the atmosphere of *nouveau riche*. It would really be a joke did not more than half the world take it in all seriousness. In their book these two inimitable vagabond travelling authors show us the joke of it delightfully, while at the same time letting us see how cleverly and with what utter seriousness the joke is perpetuated. I'm sure that no book has yet been written which has brought the atmosphere of Hollywood and film-making more vividly before the reader's

eyes. The Gordons were allowed to wander discreetly where they willed. I don't suppose they will be admitted a second time, not after the publication of this most entertaining book. But here, so to speak, stands the chronicle of their visit—the apotheosis of that gross fantasy which is Hollywood. And of the town itself and of its inhabitants—so many amusing pictures. The Gordons lived in a court of bungalows. Thus they sum up their immediate neighbours: "The people seemed to venture rarely into the open air. If they wished to go out they slipped from the back door to the garage, shut themselves primly into a closed car, and drove away. If they wished to do the family shopping they drove into large open-air grocery shops, specially arranged so that they could select their provisions without getting out of the car. If they wished for distraction they drove to the sea or up into the hills and stared at the view through the wind-shield." They seemed to be almost destitute of permanent friends as they were of personal furniture. The wireless, the car, the daily newspaper, or the 'Saturday Evening Post,' work, cooking, and 'studying how to stay thin' seemed to fill their lives to the full. There was no reason to believe that our bungalow court differed much from the thousands of bungalow courts . . . spread far and wide over the great bungalow plain."

* * *

How they Do it—and Why.

As for the Hollywood "stars," they live as a race apart. Yet even the power of their own self-importance has its limits. It will be news for most people to learn that there is a Black List, and on it go the names of any "star" who by misbehaviour, temperament, or other laxness has become bad publicity. The result being that for six months the black-listed "star" has to twinkle in seclusion. Rudolf Valentino, we read, "was placed for a period on the Black List to make him properly humble." Otherwise the "stars" live in staggering grandeur, their only agony being

that, their reign being so brief, every personal gesture, so to speak, has to make "good publicity." Apart from this they are very, very grand! I was amused to read the other day in an interview with Evelyn Laye, who has just returned from Hollywood and has probably more real intelligence in her little finger than most of the film—"stars" possess in their entire heads, the following: "But really I felt just like a gallery girl among all those great stars—you can't think how honoured I felt when I dined with Doug and Mary and Charlie Chaplin. *They talked about the King and Queen!*" According to the Gordons that attitude is typical of most of them. Yet even more astounding is their account of the "intellectual" and the religious life of Hollywood. The depressing breakfast club, where, at an unearthly hour, the members listen to mental uplift. The fantastic religious services at Mrs. Aimée McPherson's Four-square Gospel Church, with Aimée in fancy-dress and a wig prancing about on the stage in a crinoline, the while she screams through a microphone at her audience: "This is the Glory Station of Radioland speaking, O Lord. And this is Angelus Temple filled with happy people, filled so full, O Lord,

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AT THE SUFFOLK HUNT BALL

The M.F.H.'s party at the Suffolk Hunt Ball at the Athenaeum last week. Colonel H. Hambro of Coldham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, has been Master since 1923. In this group, left to right, are: Sitting—Mrs. Charles Vickery, Miss Hambro, Lady Jean Villiers; standing—Mr. Lyall, Mr. Head, Colonel H. Hambro, M.F.H., and Colonel Vickery

NOT ACCORDING TO SAMPLE!

By George Belcher



"Well, if that's how they ought to be, Bill, they made a bit of a mess of my old woman"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

that they are even crowding the aisles and can't get seats. O Lord, this is indeed a splendid sight for the glory of Thy name." And thousands and thousands taking the pantomime of it in all seriousness! Oh certainly, Hollywood, if you are independent of any producer's approbation and have a sense of humour, must be one endless laugh. Especially if you cannot see too clearly the tragedy behind the glitter, the moneyed vulgarity in front of everything else. To read "Star Dust in Hollywood" is to be given the Freedom of the queerest, most fantastic, the Richest, and probably the most unintellectual city in the world. But what an interesting and amusing privilege all the same!

* * *

Cinema Theatres.

Still, one must not altogether blame Hollywood for the all-pictorial bunkum, the men and women of imitation genius which it exports. The sad fact remains, if a film is anything a little higher intellectually and artistically than will be understood and appreciated by any house-maid and her best boy, the odds are that the cinema in which the film is shown will be half empty. What, however, the prosperity of the films has given us is not so much a new art as the excuse for a new architecture. Not in England, alas! In England and America the new cinemas and theatres are still apt to achieve only the gorgeous vulgarity of a Hollywood assumption of heaven. Elsewhere in Europe there is less expenditure and more interesting results. A most interesting book on the subject has just been written by P. Morton Shand, entitled "Modern Theatres and Cinemas" (Batsford, 15s.). Its illustrations are superb. In Germany some of the new theatres are astonishingly beautiful! Expense being an all-important matter, their designers have had to rely upon form, line, and lighting for their loveliest effect. The result, costing half the money, puts our own picture palaces and new theatres to shame. There, for example, the new art of night architecture has been brought to perfection. This is the architectural ideal which, as is only proper to a cinema and theatre, has been designed, not for daylight inspection, but for its night-fall effect. The illumination of the exterior of some of the modern buildings abroad has been made both artistic, as well as novel. Finally, let me add, you don't need to be an architect to enjoy reading this book. All you need is an intellectual curiosity into what is being done in the world to evolve new architectural forms. It is not only intensely interesting to read but it teaches you also what is going on in other countries. And in this country, architecture has become all too stagnant, too reproductive. One has to go abroad to see how the world is advancing towards new forms of architectural expression. This book will show you what is being done.

* * *

Thoughts from "Modern Theatres and Cinemas."

"Nowadays, culture must wear her laurels not only lightly but jauntily. To command respect she has to prove herself a good, even a racy, raconteuse!"

"The soured and aged declare that the spread of the picture-going habit is responsible for the decay of home-life. Probably the reverse is nearer the truth; that it is just because home-life has lost so much of its spaciousness and attractiveness that the cinema-going habit continues to find fresh adherents."

"With the possible exception of Nonconformist chapels, no class of edifice represents quite such a degraded general level of design as English cinemas."

This is Such a Friendly Book.

I like Vere Ker-Seymer's title, "Idle But Happy" (Chapman and Hall, 18s.). Almost the ideal title for a book of pleasant reminiscences. No pomposity about it, just friendly and unpretentious, and likely to strike a chord of sympathy in most breasts which have not been struck proudly so many times as to have become dehumanized. As a matter of fact this is the interesting record of a life which has been by no means idle. Education abroad; years spent earning his living in South America; and, if you include social life in London and Paris as mere idleness, then give me the life of hard work! The author's account of a revolution in the Argentine — not by any means that musical-comedy kind of upset which revolutions in South America

are supposed to be like in this country — reveals one splendid anecdote. Buenos Aires was being shelled from the sea. This, of course, was a breach of International Law. Revolution or no revolution Mr. Godfrey Bland, British Charge d'Affaires, decided that something must be done about it at once. They were all sitting in the comparative safety of the Cosmos Club playing cards when the news came through. Godfrey and his great friend, Tom Preston, immediately set forth to reach if possible the Boca del Riachuelo, there to communicate with the commander of the two British gunboats lying in the bay. "With sorrow and alarm," the author tells us, "I watched their departure from the window. They had scarcely stepped out when a bullet from the roof opposite hit the pavement just behind them. 'Run, man,' shouted Tom Preston as he made for the nearest doorway. The magnificent Godfrey stood still, totally unconcerned, and replied, 'My dear Tom, I am just as likely to run into a bullet as to escape one, besides, don't forget that for the moment I am Queen Victoria, and that Queen Victoria never runs!'" Most interesting, too, are the chapters devoted to the very early days of motoring and flying. This, with some entertaining descriptions of London Society

of the 'nineties, the stage, both in London and in Paris, and in a good many wise and apropos remarks on life in general and its once Great Figures in particular, make "Idle But Happy" as delightfully readable a book as you could wish to come across on a rainy day.

AUTORI

LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY

A "picture" from Autori's clever pencil of the wife of Lord George Cholmondeley, who is the only brother of the Marquess of Cholmondeley. Lady George Cholmondeley was before her marriage Miss Ina Pelly, and is a daughter of the late Rev. Canon Raymond Pelly

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND
"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)
 BY RICHARD KING
Order Now
Hodder and Stoughton.

AND SO TO BEDS : AND ELSEWHERE

The Camera Shoots
With Some Success



MR. AND MRS. KEILLER

The above snapshot and the one on the right were taken at Wrest Park, in Bedfordshire, when Mr. J. G. Murray, whose pheasants are famous, held the first of his several covert shoots. Mr. Keiller, a distinguished visitor to this country, is Chamberlain to H.M. the King of Sweden. Major-General Sir Percy Cox has held many important political appointments in the East and was High Commissioner in Mesopotamia, 1920-23. He is a D.L. for Bedfordshire.



AT WREST:
SIR PERCY
COX IN
WAITING

Mrs. James Montagu (left) brought Robin and Anne Montagu over from Cold Overton Hall to meet the Cottesmore at Tilton Woods on the day following their opening fixture. Hounds had plenty of woodland hunting and were unlucky not to kill one of the numerous foxes afoot. Accompanied by Lord Porchester and Lady Penelope Herbert, Lady Carnarvon (right) was also greeting many Cottesmore friends. She and her husband are now installed at Lowesby which they have taken from Lord Blandford for the hunting season



MRS. JAMES MONTAGU WITH ROBIN AND ANNE



IN FINE FETTLE WITH FERNIE'S

Bale
Major Massey, Captain Edmonstone, M.F.H., and Sir Harold Werner, M.F.H., at Willoughby Waterless last week. The reason for Sir Harold's sling was not a fall but a painfully poisoned finger. This prevented him from taking part in the day's good hunt from Charlie's Gorse, which lasted an hour, hounds accounting for their fox between Shawell and South Kilworth



LADY CARNARVON AND HER CHILDREN AT THE COTTESMORE TRYST AT TILTON WOODS

A GROUP OF AIR CELEBRITIES
F. King & Co.

Mr. Thorn, Mr. Olney, Captain Stack, and Mr. Jeffs. Mr. Thorn is one of the prettiest aerobatic pilots in the country, while Captain Stack is unequalled as a showman and can make the spectators' hearts stand still with his low-altitude crazy flying. Mr. Olney is the works' manager of Cirrus aero engines, and Mr. Jeffs is the air-traffic expert of Croydon

Papers.

AVIATION is daily offering less scope to the seeker after publicity. Soon, if you fly to Australia in five minutes no one will take any notice. This is perhaps the most encouraging sign to be seen in aviation at the moment. But it is not yet wise to pass over entirely all the fine feats that are being done in the way of long-distance flights. Captain Errol Boyd and Lieutenant Connor's flight across the Atlantic and Mr. Oscar Garden's flight from Lympne to Australia in his Gipsy Moth in eighteen days have certainly been passed over too lightly, especially as there are valuable lessons to be learnt from such flights. Mr. Garden, for instance, found the usual difficulties with the Turks, and was held up a day because there were factitious and fictitious difficulties about his papers. His "papers" were held not to be "in order." So he was detained until it was found that his "papers" were "in order."

Every long flight which is not done over the ocean shows how important to aviation's future it is that the old-fashioned idea of the separate state, crouching, as it were, behind its own aspidistra, refusing to allow the smallest of its "rights" to be infringed, and even tapping on the wall if the baby cries next door, should be discarded. Aviation cannot make headway while every country is bent upon showing every other country how important it is. M. Briand's United States of Europe, however much we may like in the good old English "public schoolly" way (to borrow Mr. Aldous Huxley's mephitic phrase), to remain haughty and insular, is an essential preliminary to

NO. 601 (COUNTY OF LONDON) SQUADRON AUXILIARY AIR FORCE
F. King & Co.

An interesting group of the officers of the squadron which is commanded by Sir Philip Sassoon. The names, left to right, are: Pilot Officer Peter du Cane, Pilot Officer A. C. M. Jackaman, Flying Officer Norman Jones, Pilot Officer the Hon. G. R. Ward, Flying Officer A. G. Haward, Flight-Lieut. S. B. Collett, Flight-Lieut. H. N. Thornton (Adjutant), Flight-Lieut. J. J. Parkes, Flying Officer Rupert Bellville, Flying Officer Ian Murray, Flying Officer J. Gillan (Assistant Adjutant), Pilot Officer the Hon. W. D. S. Montagu, Pilot Officer B. S. Thynne, Pilot Officer Loel Guinness, Flying Officer R. G. Shaw, D.F.C., and Flying Officer W. Langdon

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

any really extensive air touring. Freedom of passage through the air to and from any recognized landing-ground or aerodrome in the world is needed. The first step towards it should be made at home. It is impossible for the English to exclaim with justice against the pettiness of the Turks, or the Italians, or anyone else, while they themselves create a precedent in pettiness by the way they apply their air regulations at home.

Ah! the reader recognizes my own particular hate; police and magisterial interference with the freedom of the flyer. Fortunately, however, I am not now alone in denouncing the petty restrictions and the unnecessary interferences which hedge round the aviator. Captain Lamplugh and Major A. Goodfellow have taken up the cause and have struck a thumping good blow in defence of the airman's freedom. They have complained that the letter of the law is alone being enforced to the neglect of its spirit in order to demonstrate the knowledge and efficiency of our noble police force and our impartial justices of the peace. They have complained that purely technical offences are being used to extract large fines from pilots. They have asked for common sense in the interpretation of the air regulations. They ought to know by now that there is nothing more uncommon than common sense. The only way to obtain freedom for the aviator is to fight for it. Half, no, three-quarters of the regulations which govern the aviator are unnecessary, and never have been necessary. It is fortunate that the police are at present only aware of a small part of them. Otherwise they could convict every pilot who flies on a technical offence. And what is the difference between a technical offence and an offence? So far as the fine is concerned, and the loss of time and the inconvenience, none. Everyone who believes in aviation, and especially everyone who believes in private aviation ought to support Captain Lamplugh and Major Goodfellow as vigorously as possible.

Accidents.

Public confidence in the safety of aeroplanes has been shaken by the large number of accidents that have happened recently. A flying accident is spectacular and is still "news," and therefore it obtains more publicity than a motor-car accident. It seems fairly certain that the Air Ministry will be forced in the near future to be more open in its dealings with accidents. Then, with all the facts available it will be possible to criticize the findings of the Accidents' Investigations Branch. Up to the present the findings of this branch, if made public at all,

have had the quality of the pronouncements of a god. They have issued from the mountain of Adastral House without explanation or rational support. They are what they are. It is time that a new attitude towards air accidents were adopted, and that routine findings of the cause were questioned. It has been the set course to blame the pilot. It has always been the pilot who is at fault. It is the pilot who makes

(Cont. on p. xxx)

THE WIFE OF A MASTER OF HOUNDS

New portraits of Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND HER DACHSHUND



IN PROFILE

If a census of feminine personalities in the hunting field were compiled, the name of the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter would most certainly be found there. From the days when as quite a small girl she used to pursue the Cheshire Hounds with ardour, any occupation connected with horses has meant much more to her than mere social entertainments. Lady Ursula rides astride, and has a preference for large horses and snaffle bridles. She hunts regularly with the South Notts, of which pack Mr. Filmer-Sankey is Joint Master, and she and her husband frequently attend Wednesday and Saturday fixtures of the Duke of Rutland's hounds.

Photographs by
Yevonde

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



SOME VERY MODERN RHINE MAIDENS!

The end of the grape harvest on the Rhine is celebrated with festivities, which include all kinds of artistic dances and tableaux, and this picture shows one of them executed by some German dancers specially engaged for the occasion. "Lurline," the lady who captured the wayward heart of "Sir Rupert the Fearless," has here some capable modern successors

TRÈS CHER.—A neat little notice in the shop window of my favourite English bookseller in this city informs me that there is an "unprecedented demand" for Richard King's latest volume, "Soul's Dark Cottage."

The Soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

—EDMUND WALLER, 1606-1687.

This does not surprise me, for never, I think, of late years, has there been such an unprecedented longing for moral support and comfort—just the very help and encouragement that Richard King's little written *cavariés* dispense so happily. The world does not seem to be a particularly joyous place in these years of peace (so-called), and so, as the row of slim volumes increases by one every autumn I welcome each new-comer greedily. When one feels "under the weather," and therefore a bit disgruntled, when one's dearest enemy has been a little too dear and one's worst pal has over-strained the limits of pal-ship, when the daily rags have screeched their horrors a little too complacently and one's eyes are blurred by their head-lines, one can find the relief of forgetfulness by dipping into the pages of the Silent Friends that Richard King has given us. In his latest volume he indulges in many kindly tilts at the conventions and his good-humoured rebellion makes inspiring reading. . . . But this looks as if I posed him as a rebel; he is far from that; it is, indeed, the amused placidity with which he faces the problems of existence that makes him such a valuable friend. One of the great secrets of his philosophy is that he teaches us not to *expect* too much from the future, but to recognize, and enjoy to the uttermost, our smaller blessings as we meet them. And for this we are truly grateful.

* * *

Another midget golf course has been opened, and laid out by Briggs, seems to be "the real thing." It is safer

to write such a statement than to say it. The various merits of the many "miniature golf" establishments now open in Paris provide an inexhaustible topic for squabbles at most of the parties I have attended lately. The damsels who play at the Hôtel de Paris scorn the players of the Scribe, and those of La Montagne à Paris look down upon the rest of the world. The new "Hazard golf" at the Palais Pompiéen boasts of the largest and airiest quarters of any other establishment so far, and the fact that it is in the 16th *arrondissement* and away from the traffic jams that, of an afternoon, turn the centre of Paris into pandemonium and hell, will probably make it extremely popular.

* * *

D'Or, Paris
THE PRINCESS ACHILLE MURAT

Whose husband, Prince Achille Murat, is a descendant of the sister of Napoleon I, and one of France's best air pilots, is also a keen woman aviator. The Princess was before her marriage Madeline Marquise de Chasseloup-Labat. Prince Achille Murat has bought a house near Bournemouth

The fashion of giving the "Press performance" of a new play several days after the production has been open to the ordinary "paying public," is a habit that has come to stay in Paris; in the world of variety entertainments at all events. It seems to annoy the critics . . . but methinks the critics are wrong. It is surely kinder to all parties concerned—the judged and the judges—to be asked to pass verdict on a production that has recovered from the "tremors" and "nerves" inherent to a "first-night" performance.

Is a revue ever produced that has not got to be cut and pruned into shape after the first public performance. Never . . . in this city anyway.

Thus, very sulkily, the critics (and sundry) attended the "répétition générale" of *Nudist's Bar*, a new show at the "Palace" the other evening. The performance was given at "a half after midnight," after the usual evening show was over, and ended somewhere around 3.30 a.m. Rough on the *artistes* who thus put in double their usual work . . . but they didn't seem to mind, heroic souls. I should hate to tell you how many elderly critics went to sleep however; but who cared? They were hidden away at the back of their box, and their

(Continued on p. xiv)

A LITTLE GALLERY FROM FILMLAND



GRETA GARBO—HER LATEST

Henry B. Goodwin



DOROTHY LEE LOOKING AT YOU!

Ernest A. Bachrach

Greta Garbo's recent appearance in the screen talkie version of "Romance" is still fresh in most film fans' memories, as also the discussion as to whether she was a success or not. In the end the Ayes had it. Greta Garbo was born and trained for the stage in Stockholm, but she was quickly discovered as a film possibility and Hollywood eventually claimed her and promoted her to stardom. Dorothy Lee is a clever little soubrette who made a good hit in "Rio Rita," in "The Cuckoos," and other films. Raquel Torres is a Mexican, and it is related of her that she went straight from a Los Angeles convent to play opposite lead to Monte Blue in "White Shadows in the South Seas."



RAQUEL TORRES—"RESTING"



A QUORN PRESENTATION TO MR. PETER PAGET AT THE RAGDALE MEET

A QUORN MEET AND THE FREQUENT GUN



MAJOR CHARLIE CLARKE AND HIS DAUGHTER

AT LORD MELCHETT'S SHOOT:
LORD PEMBROKE IN ACTION

Covert shoots at Melchet Court, Lord Melchet's place near Romsey, always provide good fun for good shots, pheasants in that locality making a habit of high flying. Lord Pembroke contributed his full quota to the large bag, and Mrs. Philippi at one stand accounted for thirty-two birds with forty cartridges.



MRS. PHILIPPI AT MELCHET COURT



LADY WODEHOUSE, HER SON, AND MRS. COLMAN

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF RACING

Onlookers at Chelmsford and Windsor



MRS. JACK GOSDEN, MR. R. G. SHAW, AND CAPTAIN ALEX GOLLAN AT CHELMSFORD



ALSO AT CHELMSFORD: MRS. H. LEADER AND LORD HARRINGTON



CAPTAIN WEBER AND MRS. R. ALLAN AT CHELMSFORD STEEPLECHASES



RACING AT WINDSOR: MRS. J. ST. V. FOX AND MISS WILMOT



THE HON. MRS. TUFTON AND MRS. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD



LADY ZIA WERNHER (right) AND MRS. ROBERT GUNSTON AT WINDSOR

Chelmsford's one-day jumping meeting and Windsor races provided the pictures for this page. Both events had fine weather, and Windsor attracted the huge fields which are customary at this stage of racing on the flat. At the first-named gathering Mr. R. G. Shaw, Lady Astor's son, was taking a less active part than he usually does at meetings of this nature, and Captain Weber was another well-known G.R. present. The latter had the mount on Mr. Whitelaw's Big Wonder in this year's National. Mrs. R. Allan owns some good 'chasers, and Mrs. Leader is the wife of the noted Newmarket trainer, whose charge, Yale Blue, won the Witham Hurdle. Young Lord Harrington already takes a real interest in both racing and hunting. At Windsor, Lady Zia Wernher, looking most charming, was casting a critical eye over her two-year-old, Orangery, which ran in the Frogmore Nursery. Mrs. J. St. V. Fox and Mrs. de Rothschild also had a family interest in this event, which went to Lady Chesham's Swiss Navy

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Nippy," at the Prince Edward Theatre



NIPPY (MISS BINNIE HALE) AND A CORNER-HOUSE REVELLER (MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON)

Destined to be soul-mates by a policeman's helmet on boat-race night, this engaging pair of lovers kiss and quarrel, part and are re-united, according to the best traditions of mixed marriage à la musical-comedy mode

TOM TIT



NIPPY'S MA (MISS BETTY SHALE)

A merry but homely widow with a garage in the country, a daughter to be proud of and a warm heart, even for admirers hampered by the name of Crumpton

IT must have been coincidence, but the very next morning after *Nippy*, that saucy Puss in the Corner House, had blossomed forth at the Prince Edward with the full musical honours of successful first night, the price of Swiss roll was reduced to tenpence halfpenny a pound—or do I mean tenpence halfpenny a yard? I am not a connoisseur of Swiss roll, and to consume it is not my idea of winter sports. But if figures ever remained in my head for more than ten seconds I might, with Tom Tit's assistance, compile a diagram proving that the Swiss roll business is one of the Romances of Industry. It would show you (as diagrams do) the exact relationship in height of St. Paul's Cathedral and all the miles of Swiss roll consumed daily in London alone.

Nippy is one of those sound and satisfactory musical entertainments which really entertain. It keeps up a high level of general excellence from start to finish and, which is more important, gets better and brighter as it goes along. Mr. Julian Wylie's watchword, as an experienced caterer to the public taste, seems to have been Value for Money, an appropriate motto considering the *locale* of the first act. A less generous producer might have been content to mount his leading lady on a motor-cycle and convey the subsequent arrival of her admirers by means of motor-horns and other mechanical noises "off." But no sooner had Miss Hale ridden in on her 2½-h.p. Enfield than Messrs. Clifford Mollison and Arthur Riscoe appeared in a brand new extra-special Baby Austin saloon, to be followed by Mr. Reginald Purcell in a bright-red sports Morgan.

Scenery and dresses, too, bear token of the lavish hand, ingenuity, and magnificence reaching their high-water mark in a "production number" wherein Miss Hale in a red wig sings about Toy Town, surrounded by moving scenery and a bevy of juvenile gollivogs and other nursery fauna. This effort, in Mr. Wylie's best Christmas pantomime style, being part and parcel of a slashing burlesque of the American super-talkie, gives satire a legitimate excuse for spectacle.

* * *

The story unfolded by Messrs. Arthur Wimperis and Austin Melford has all the qualities of the romantic feuilleton. It has the Cinderella touch, too, and that coupled with the Blind Boy's reputation as a remover of social distinctions in matters of the heart, has never been known to fail. It will be a bitter day for musical comedy when the Prince and Peasant Girl theme has no more variations. Democracy will indeed have done its worst.



BOB'S DAD (MR. ERNEST MAINWARING)

Puts the stopper on Nippy as a daughter-in-law while she is a waitress, but forbears to forbid the banns when she returns from Hollywood with fame and fortune

Cinderella, at the Prince Edward, is a waitress at a Corner House, who falls in love with a sprig of the nobility on Boat-race night. By a logical development of chivalry the vision of a knight in armour killing his first dragon fades out, and is supplanted by one of the Tight Young People bagging his fourth policeman's helmet.

Nippy Grey does more than symbolize the entire race of sentimental shop-girls sighing for Romance. She is not only the embodiment of professional nippiness behind the tea-tray, but the essence of Cockney wit, *savoir faire*, and independence. You can't fool her all of the time, and if you kiss her too soon, look out for a clip on the jaw.

This mixture of the acid-drop and the sugar-candy fits Miss Binnie Hale's alive personality like the proverbial glove. Here is a comedienne of many moods—clay and clinging one minute, flippant and hard-hearted the next, an elusive bundle of bitter-sweet, half-brother to Pierrot, half-sister to Columbine, as full of tricks as a monkey, as irresponsible as a kitten. Miss Hale, supported by a pair of legs of surpassing beauty and surprising elasticity, puts every ounce of talent into a part fairly oozing with the marrow of fatness. No



"THE RHYTHM STEP"
As performed by Miss Margery Wyn and Mr. Reginald Purcell, the Charlie Chaplin of the ball-room



THE FILM PUBLICITY MAN (MR. ARTHUR RISCOE)

A vastly amusing burlesque, complete with swank, jargon, cigar, and horn-rims, of the hundred-per-cent. American "barker."

wonder that Albert Crumpet of Wardour Street (Mr. Arthur Riscoe) promised to make her a film star on the strength of one brief impression of the kind of customer who sits down at a strange man's table and opens the conversation with "Just fancy, last time I came in here I was spoke to."

Perhaps on Boat-race nights these "pick-me-ups" leave the Corner Houses to Mayfair. At any rate, on this occasion Nippy's preserves bristled with enough rank and fashion to fill the Berkeley. There was the Hon. Anthony Cheshire, better known as "Cheesie" (Mr. Reginald Purcell), Sir William Dering (Mr. Ernest Mainwaring) in pursuit of his scapergear son, Bob (Mr. Clifford Mollison), and an army of ultra well-behaved undergraduates and superlatively dressed young women. Restaurateurs invariably have a thin time in musical comedy, and Nippy's manager was unequal to the task of maintaining discipline. Every time he tried to sack Nippy for kissing the rapidly sobering Bob, two dozen of her colleagues, egged on by that 200 per cent. Aberdeenian, Miss McTavish (Miss Margaret Baird), dropped their trays on the floor with a deafening crash which proved too much for authority. But Nippy, more kissed against than kissing, was away on her own account. The curtain of Act I bids defiant farewell to all her nippiness.

The next scene introduces her mother (Miss Betty Shale) and that lively widow's truly rural cottage and garage. Bob and Crumpet arrive

in the aftermath of alcohol and a Baby Austin, and, while Crumpet woos the widow Bob gets a job as mechanic for the excellent reason that Nippy won't marry into the Idle Rich. Love's young dream in overalls is running fairly smoothly until Sir William turns up with Bob's fiancée (Miss Margery Wyn), and spins the old yarn about mixed marriages.

Nippy's sacrifice, made with all the usual pretences of "I never loved you—couldn't you see I was only fooling?" merely prolongs the happy ending and brings down the curtain, according to Cocker, on two temporarily punctured hearts.

In Scene 2, one year later, everything comes to her who waits. Nippy, when last seen, was beseeching Mr. Crumpet to take her to the Promised Land. What Hollywood has done for both, and what the authors have done to Hollywood, the foyer, stage, and grand vestibule of the Resplendent Super-Cinema, London, W., contrive to show in a culminating blaze of burlesque at its brightest. Miss Hale's transformation from Miss Nippy to June April, the erotic film star, making a "poisonous" appearance before the first exhibition of her picture, *The Lady of Lyons* (happy title) is a brilliant commentary on "It" and "them." Mr. Riscoe's stentorian guying of an American publicity hound is broad fooling observably inspired.

The *chef d'œuvre* is the preliminary jargon of the film itself, the long list of

producers, sub-scenarioists, cameramen, and what not—the Otto P. Snitzenheimer's and their brethren—with the words "By Lord Lytton" reduced to the Hollywood notion of their typographical importance. This unexpected coup hit the first-night audience fair and square in the midriff. The hard-boiled stallites abandoned themselves to crescendo laughter. Shortly afterwards the parted lovers fell into each other's arms. Miss Hale made a speech and Mr. Wylie made the equivalent of several in which he congratulated the authors; the chorus; Mr. Frederick Lord, the dance producer; Messrs. Wimperis and Frank Eyton, the lyricists; Mr. Billy Mayerl, the composer of some consistently tunesome and cleverly orchestrated music full of rhythm; and Mr. Debroy Somers and his highly efficient band. To complete these well-deserved felicitations further rounds of applause are due to Mr. Clifford Mollison for another display of easy grace and engaging personality; Mr. Reginald Purcell, whom you remember as the Corporal in *The Middle Watch*, a quiet purveyor of "dudery," with revealing glimpses of individuality; Miss Margery Wyn, a graceful dancer; Miss Betty Shale, an admirable comedienne; and Mr. Arthur Riscoe, a sound, bustling, and likeable jester.

"TRINCULO."



THE TALKIE STAR (MISS BINNIE HALE)

"June April" of Hollywood, almost unrecognizable as Nippy of the Corner House, making a "poisonous" appearance at the première of her latest all-screechie

A-HUNTING OF THE FOX!



THE OPENING MEET OF THE AHERSTONNE SOUTH

Date

Mr. Reginald Wright has taken over the southern part of the Atherstone country, which he hunts two days a week with his own pack of hounds, and has that great celebrity of former days in Leicestershire, Arthur Thatcher, as his huntsman. Thatcher, whose last pack was the Fernie, is as well as ever he was, and is showing great sport. In this group are: Back row—Mr. Jock Atkins and Captain Beech; in front—Arthur Thatcher, Mr. Reginald Wright, M.F.H., Mrs. Wright, (behind her) Lord Fielding, then Miss Bonn, Lady Glenapp, and the child, Lady Fielding, (behind her) Major Bonn, then Mr. J. B. Wright, Miss Rachael Wrey. The little girl is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Travers Aldridge



THE STANTONDALE AT WHIN BROW, CLOUGHTON

Victor May

Mr. and Mrs. F. Wild were the hosts of this famous old Yorkshire pack on the opening day of the season on the Scarborough Cliffs. The Staintondale claim to date back to King John, who granted the hunt a charter, so tradition says, but there is no record. Included in this group are: Captain Renwick and Mr. Geoffrey Unwin (Joint Masters), Mr. J. C. Oates (the Hunt Secretary), Mr. and Mrs. F. Wild, Miss Joan Wild, Miss Wendy Renwick, Mrs. Geoffrey Unwin, Mrs. J. C. Oates, Mr. Halliday Huggan (an ex-Master), Captain Dimeline, Major Brooksbank (son of Sir Edward Brooksbank), Miss Margaret Oates, Mr. J. F. Wilson



THE "LATEST" "MAURICE" MODEL

Maurice Chevalier, the inimitable melody and mirth maker, as seen by Cabrol. This brilliant product of France is versatility personified, having achieved an even bigger success on the screen than he did on the Paris stage, which is saying an immense amount. His shadow self, complete with appealing voice, is now at the Carlton in his latest picture, "The Big Pond," but expectation runs high that he will shortly pay London a personal visit to appear in a one-man show. Rumour reports the offer of a record salary for this event



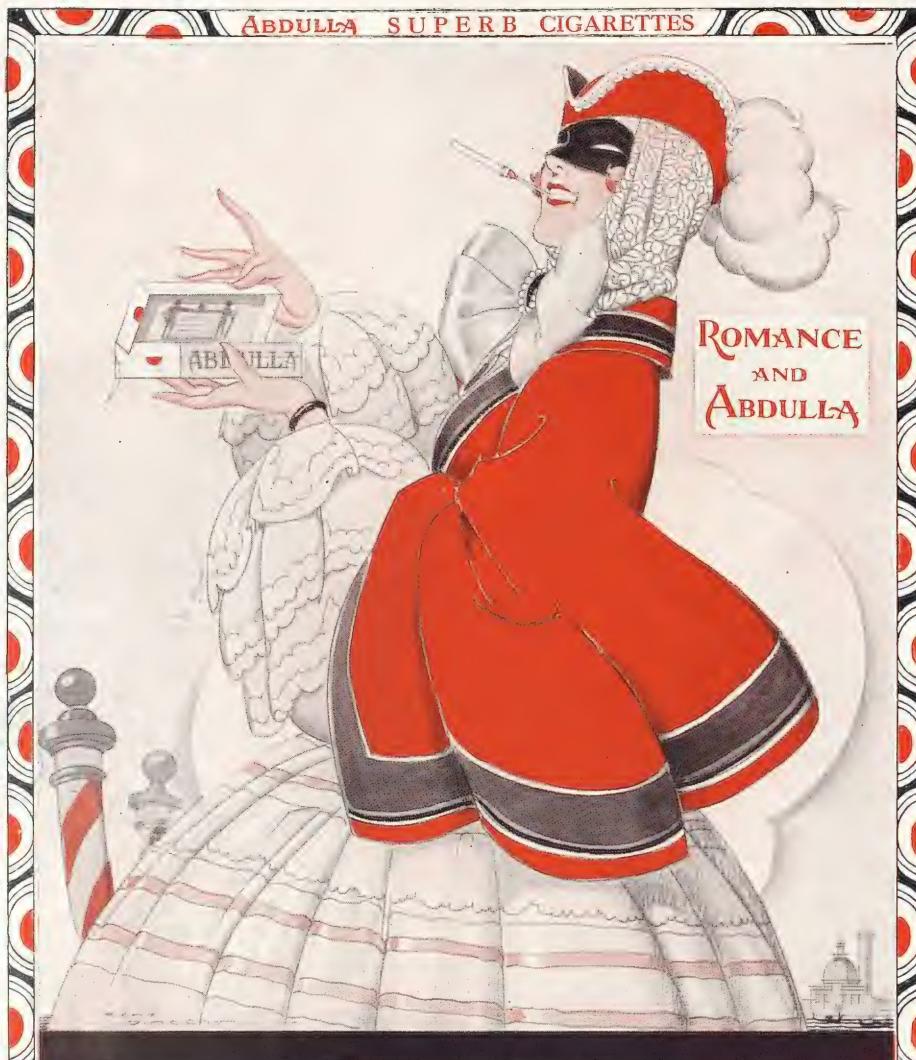
SPOILS TO

By Webster



TO THE FAIR

Foster Murray



THOUGHTS UNSPOKEN

If I forswore all beautiful disguises,
 And tossed my gay intriguing mask away,
 Nor teased with mysteries and sweet surprises—
 How vainly should I beg of you to stay !

A great Venetian Lady's proud attire
 Must hide my heart, too simple, fond and true,
 And subtle Charms shall set your soul on fire—
 Abdullas, ever marvellous and new.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN



MOST SUSPICIOUS: DE WET DECIDES TO TAKE ACTION—

A NOVEL PARTY AT KNOLE PARK

The great feature of Lady Sackville's recent birthday party at Knole was a demonstration given by De Wet, the famous Alsatian police dog, which recently arrived in this country from Germany. A bogus burglar was provided (stout fellow!), and De Wet showed in realistic fashion how he would deal with him on the word of command. £2,000 has been refused for this wonder dog, whose sagacity, courage, and obedience are amazing



—AND MAKES AN ARREST



LORD AND LADY SACKVILLE WITH PINEFOLD HORST



LADY SACKVILLE AND DE WET

MRS. ARTHUR JAMES' SHOOT AT COTON



COUNTESS HOCHBERG AND
LORD FEILDING



COLONEL WILLOUGHBY, MRS. ARTHUR
JAMES, AND THE HEAD KEEPER



LADY ZIA WERNHER AND SIR PHILIP
CHETWODE



MR. RAPHAEL AND LADY POLE-CAREW



MRS. ARTHUR JAMES



MR. J. B. PEASE AND LORD ULLSWATER

Mrs. Arthur James' pheasant shoot last week over her Coton estate near Rugby was blessed with weather that was springlike, and the big party which she had for it thoroughly enjoyed itself quite apart from the material side of things, the birds, which were both strong and plentiful. Mrs. Arthur James is the widow of the late Mr. Arthur James, and is a daughter of the late the Right Hon. George Cavendish-Bentinck. Of others on this page, Lord Feilding, who is with the Countess Hochberg, is the Earl of Denbigh's son. Lady Zia Wernher is the charming wife of the senior Master of the Fernie, Sir Harold Wernher, and like her husband, is a well-known owner on the Turf. General Sir Philip Chetwode, who is with her, is the Commander-in-Chief elect in succession to F.M. Sir William Birdwood. Sir Philip Chetwode will be no stranger to his new appointment, as he has been C.I.G.S. in India for some time past. Lady Pole-Carew is the widow of the late General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, who was a very great personality both at home and in India, where he was on a staff appointment. Lord Ullswater may be better remembered as the Right Hon. James Lowther, the most famous Speaker in the Commons of the last half-century.



THE HON. MRS. FREDERICK CRIPPS
AND (Inset) WITH HER HUSBAND

A domestic little picture (Inset) was taken in the new hair-dressing saloon which they have opened in Bond Street, and which has caught the fancy of Society at large. Both the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Cripps are very well known in the Leicestershire hunting world, and the fact that they are not out as often as usual is regretted by their host of friends. The Hon. Mrs. Cripps is a daughter of the late Sir William and Lady Nelson, her mother being the owner of the famous National winner, Ally Sloper (1915). The Hon. Frederick Cripps, D.S.O., is Lord Parmoor's second son, and was a lieut.-colonel in the Bucks Yeomanry, with which he saw service through the War



Photographs by E. O. Hoppé, Cromwell Place, S.W.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE following are two of the best Whistler stories:

The famous artist had been engaged painting the portrait of a distinguished novelist, who though extremely clever was not blessed with much personal beauty. When the portrait was finished the sitter did not appear to be satisfied with the result. "Don't you like it?" said Whistler. "No, I can't say that I do; but you must admit that it is a bad work of art." "Yes," said the artist, "I think you must admit that you are a bad work of Nature."

"Oh, Mr. Whistler," exclaimed a lady visitor, "I have just been up the river, and it reminded me so much of your pictures." "Indeed," he sighed; "then Nature is looking up."

* * *

An artist saw a labourer whom he thought would make a good model, so he offered him ten shillings to let him paint him. Instead of jumping at the offer the man seemed rather reluctant. "It's an easy way of earning ten shillings!" urged the artist; "you know, a chance like this doesn't come often."

"Oh, I know the money's good," replied the man dubiously, "but yer see, I bin wonderin' 'ow I'd get the paint off afterwards."



MISS URSLA JEANS AND HER BROTHER, MR. DESMOND JEANS (AND ABOVE ALSO)

Mr. Desmond Jeans was on the stage, but has now decided to eschew the "buskin" and go in solely for the "sock," as he is turning into a professional boxer and has created a very favourable impression. He wears a glass in his eye, as will be observed, but sundry people have discovered that he does not possess a "glass" chin. Miss Ursula Jeans is playing in "The First Mrs. Fraser"

An American judge was reproving a coloured man for deserting his wife.

"Wife desertion is something I must deal with severely," he said. "I feel very strongly on this subject."

"But, judge," expostulated the offender, "you don't know that woman. I ain't no deserter, I'se a refugee."

* * *

Paddy had had a bad run of luck and decided to commit suicide. A friend of his came upon him some time later. He had a rope tied around his waist and was dangling from a tree.

"What are you doing, Paddy?" asked Mike.

"I'm hanging myself," replied the would-be suicide.

"You can't hang yourself by putting the rope around your waist," said the friend. "You should put it around your neck."

"Och!" replied Paddy, "I tried it that way, but I couldn't breathe."



The unsuccessful fisherman entered the fishmonger's shop and said, "I want you to get three of your freshest fish and throw them at me."

"Throw them at you?" repeated the fishmonger.

"Yes, I want to be able to tell my wife I caught them. She always knows when I'm lying."

* * *

A little girl was taken out to tea, and her mother was horrified to see her pocket a piece of thin bread and butter.

"Whatever are you doing, Betty?" asked the mother, sternly.

"I'm just taking this home to nurse as a pattern," replied Betty.

* * *

Where did the hen bite you, Mr. Smith?" asked the small son of the house. The visitor looked surprised. "But I haven't been bitten by a hen, Tommy," he said.

"That's funny!" said Tommy, looking as puzzled as the visitor. "Mummy told Daddy you were dreadfully henpecked."

* * *

A number of race-horses were killed in a railway accident. An owner and his trainer rushed to the scene to identify their horse.

"That isn't him! Nor that!" they said, pointing to two horses. They wandered on and espied more animals. "That's not him either. But there he is," pointing to the fourth horse. "Same in death as in life, not even in the first three."

* * *

The trial had been one for bigamy, and the prisoner had been acquitted. "The jury having acquitted you of the charge of bigamy," said the judge, "you are free to leave the court and go home."

"Thank you, your Honour; but I want to be on the safe side—which home?"



DEMAYER

ARE YOU GLAD TO SEE YOURSELF?

Who hasn't had the experience—of looking casually into an unexpected mirror, at somebody's party—to see a face that after a confused instant became your own! None of that unconscious mental preparation with which you usually approach a mirror—you didn't expect to see yourself!

Were you glad that face was yours? Elizabeth Arden believes you should be.

Hundreds—thousands of women have brought their beauty problems to Miss Arden. The sane, scientific methods that have built her fame appealed to their intelligence. You would expect her to be thorough—she is. Figure, carriage, face, hands—no province of loveliness is neglected. With the resources of Miss Arden's Salons at your disposal,

you have no excuse for being less than glad to see yourself.

An Elizabeth Arden Treatment assures you of a face as newly fresh and lovely as this season's new figure

First of all, a glorious cleansing (nobody cleanses enough—literally tons of grime sift down on this modern world). Then your muscles are given a firm, helping hand with the new manipulative treatments to lift the sagging contours and tissues back to firmness and elasticity.

Now with a clean, clear skin and your muscles well up, you should investigate the Vienna Youth Mask which pours into the inner tissue that electric energy which keeps one young!

For an appointment at the hour you prefer, please telephone Gerrard 0870

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Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6

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A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening
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Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream . . . 3/6, 8/6, 15/6, 45/-

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A rich cream that is indispensable for a thin or middle-aged skin . . . 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6, 35/-

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PARIS

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ROME



Pool, Dublin
WITH THE LOUTH: THE HON. MRS.
TRISTRAM MASSY

At the opening fixture of the Louth Hounds at Captain and Mrs. Filgate's house, Lissenny, Ardee. Captain Filgate is the Master. The Hon. Tristram Massy is Lord Massy's brother

person, "Al" had his eye upon certain probable starters who could be relied upon to hand out the rough stuff to the "Secret Six" (the anti-Al bunch), and also to Judge McGoorty, Chief Justice of the Chicago Criminal Court. "Al" may be tough and a bit blunt, but he seems to have all the necessary bounce and bluff which go to make up a successful Hard-Labour Prime Minister, and one cannot help feeling that neither someone, who shall be nameless and who would like to be a Prime Minister, nor even the Duce himself, can have anything "on" him. "Al" anyhow does get things done. Look at the way he runs an election. He does not waste time buying votes; he buys the guys who count 'em. This is very neat and also economical. I suppose when the guys can't be bought they are invited to choose the particular undertaker or "mortificer" which they fancy?

* * * * *

Kippered whales are the latest thing in America. So far they are only used for exhibition purposes and not for breakfast.

* * * * *

Lord Darling, that brilliant author of "Scintillæ Juris," never failed us, during the time he was on the bench, to come to the rescue when things in a dull case, with a succession of expert perjurers

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

IN view of certain possibilities which appear to be imminent, and also in view of the probable re-shuffling of the Cabinet of the Chicago Government, let us hope that we may be able to avert any further immediate increase in the numbers of the unemployed. In Mr. Scarface Al's most recently-published list of those holding Portfolios in his Government there were one or two startling and rather significant blanks—Finance, Home Affairs, First Lord of the Admiralty, Department of Agriculture and Fisheries, and the like, and the imagination naturally jumped to the conclusion that this may have been intentional, and that, being a very far-seeing

was in the box, and counsel were getting hot under the collar and very dry in the throat in the contact with the pyramidal prevarication—and his blithe and ready wit always smoothed over both the arid patches of lies and the worm-casts of half truth. In his days of well-earned ease he still serves us well, and the only regret most of us have is that fewer opportunities seem to come his way for those winged shafts for which he is so noted. Recently, however, thanks the gods, he did find a target—the English language—of which, as it needs hardly be said, his lordship is an acknowledged master. It was evident from what dropped from Lord Darling's lips, that he felt the modern mangling of our tongue very keenly, and that he thought that there ought to be more than the three present methods of pronouncing it: B.B.C., L.C.C., and Cockney. The shade of difference between the two latter, admittedly, is very slight, but the first, of course, is quite *sui generis*. It was not, however, only with the pronunciation of our extremely difficult language which Lord Darling busied himself, but with the application of its epithets. He said:

There is one word which we constantly see but never alone and that is "unique." People write of "the most unique cocktail"—I am quoting from books written for the highest society. That misuse shocks a person like me. There is another word I often read but have never heard anyone say, and that is "hello." If someone in



Truman Howes
A MONMOUTHSHIRE GROUP

At the opening tryst at Llanilar Court, one of Lord Trewoen's seats. The names are Sir Thomas Fearnley, Bart., Lieut.-Colonel Fulke Walwyn, M.F.H., and Mrs. Hutchinson, M.F.H. The two latter are Joint Masters. Mrs. Hutchinson was formerly Miss E. Lloyd Thomas, a Master of these hounds since 1925



Curling
THE HON. SYLVIA PORTMAN

The sister of Lord Portman, some time Joint Master of the Warwickshire Hounds and of the Taunton Vale, and also a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, who with her husband is well known with the Warwickshire

Chicago met Jack Diamond he might say it if he did not do something worse, but that people in England should be supposed to use such an expression passes my comprehension. People who write art criticisms often say a picture is "a lyric." It seems to me to be a most inapplicable word.

With all this, naturally, we must agree; but what are we to do? We have got to move with the times, and if any one of our newly-educated insists upon describing an ancient dwelling-place as "a bold mediaval 'ouse," or says of one of our brightest young, that she is "most ill'esive," or that she would be very charming if she were not so "emetie," or that something was either "sposmatic" or "not quite aquedate," what can we do about it if people are encouraged, as we must gather that they are, to use words and expressions with which they are almost complete cuts? I think that many of their little excursions are most attractive however wrong they may be, and get there with a telling force. What, for instance, could beat "bone-eaded imbecilliousness," or "syllogimous with

(Continued on p. x)



M.F.H.: "Well, thanks, I will! There's nothing like a long day in the saddle to make one appreciate the good things of life, and this brandy of yours is uncommon good. What is it—'65'?"

Old Stager: "Pooh! That seems to be the only idea some of you young fellows have about a brandy—what the date is supposed to be. If you're buying hounds at Rugby, what do you look for? How they are bred, who bred 'em, and their points. Same thing with brandy. The name of the shipper shows the breeding of a brandy—its points speak for themselves. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu, 35 years old."

M.F.H.: "I see. By Age out of Quality, you mean."

GUARANTEED
35
YEARS
IN CASK

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants

25/-
PER
BOTTLE

RUGBY RAMBLINGS



MR. W. W. WAKEFIELD'S XV v. DOWNSIDE SCHOOL

Graystone-Bird

It is rarely that a side composed of Internationals and skippered by one of the most famous of his day goes down to play a school team, but Downside were recently accorded this honour. "Wakers" and the headmaster of Downside are seated in the centre

THE Press critics, both those who know something about Rugby and those who very evidently do not, have been very severe on the form shown this season by the more prominent London clubs. And with all the will in the world to make the best of things it is impossible to contradict them. London Rugby is beyond all cavil dull, flat, and uninteresting.

The Harlequins provide the one possible exception, but they are so obviously unsound that their most festive displays are never quite convincing. That collapse against Bristol was proof positive that there was something wrong in the state of Denmark, and the pack especially showed signs of being well below the standard required. Destructive criticism is, of course, the easiest thing in the world, and one would be very glad to put forward some suggestions that might be useful. But all would depend on one condition, which is apparently out of the question in London, and that is that the team should meet two or three times a week for practice and consultation.

That is the method by which the big provincial sides achieve success, aided by a good deal more training than the average London player can manage to put in. No one can play first-class football if he depends solely on his one Saturday game to keep him fit, and yet there are lots of men in town who try to accomplish the impossible. Interest in club football at the moment is at a low ebb, and the clubs have only themselves to blame.

A few years ago a determined attempt was made to reform one of the crying sins of Rugby, the lateness of the start. Blackheath took a leading part in the movement, and for some time there was considerable improvement. But down Richmond way, at any rate, the old evil is raising its head and games often start ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour late. This is all wrong and does not tend to make exasperated spectators more lenient to the faults of the players when they do condescend to put in an appearance.

The Richmond side must be one of the weakest that the famous old club has ever turned out. Usually the Richmond pack can make itself respected, but this season they seem to have lost all aptitude for the game. In their recent game with the Harlequins they never got down at all; the front row were appreciably higher than the back row. Needless to say they never got possession at all and the scrum half, of course, had an unhappy time.

There are, however, two bright spots in a rather drab back division. One is D. F. Ryan, the full back, late of Guy's Hospital, but now out of his year. He has, I hear, an Irish qualification, and is certainly worthy of consideration by the Irish authorities even though they are supposed to be not very keen on Anglo-Irish players. Ryan is quite a good kick, tackles soundly, and is not afraid of forwards, which is more than can be said of some better-known performers.

The other Richmond star is R. Burgess, a stand-off half who hails from the north and has had some success in both Lancashire and Yorkshire. He is heavily handicapped at present by the ineptitude of the people in front of him, besides getting no support from his centres, but he is a football player all right and tries very hard.

G. J. Dean, who deputized for C. C. McCreight the other day, is quite a useful scrum half. He is small but full of life, and one or two of his runs were reminiscent of Arthur Young's darts from the scrum. He is up at Cambridge and might have another trial without any grave injustice being done.

He will at any rate be very useful to the 'Quins when the Army requires McCreight, as it must do after Christmas.

Last week we were talking about referees and how greatly it was in their power to improve the standard of Rugby if only they would insist on the laws of the game being observed. Since then an official has had the courage to send a man off the field for persistently infringing the rules governing scrummage work and particularly the putting in of the ball. No comment

(Continued on p. xiv)



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY XV

R. S. Crisp

Cambridge put up a very nice trial gallop up for the impending 'Varsity' match when in their recent encounter with Leicester they turfed them out 28-6. The names in this group are: J. G. Askew (back); C. C. Tanner, J. A. Tallent, L. H. Collison and R. W. Smeddle (three-quarter backs); F. W. Simpson and J. L. H. Phillips (half-backs); J. J. A. Embleton, P. W. P. Brook, G. M. Greenwood, D. M. Marr, G. E. Valentine, C. H. Williams, J. G. Watherston, and H. B. L. Johnstone (forwards)



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.R.H THE
PRINCE OF WALES



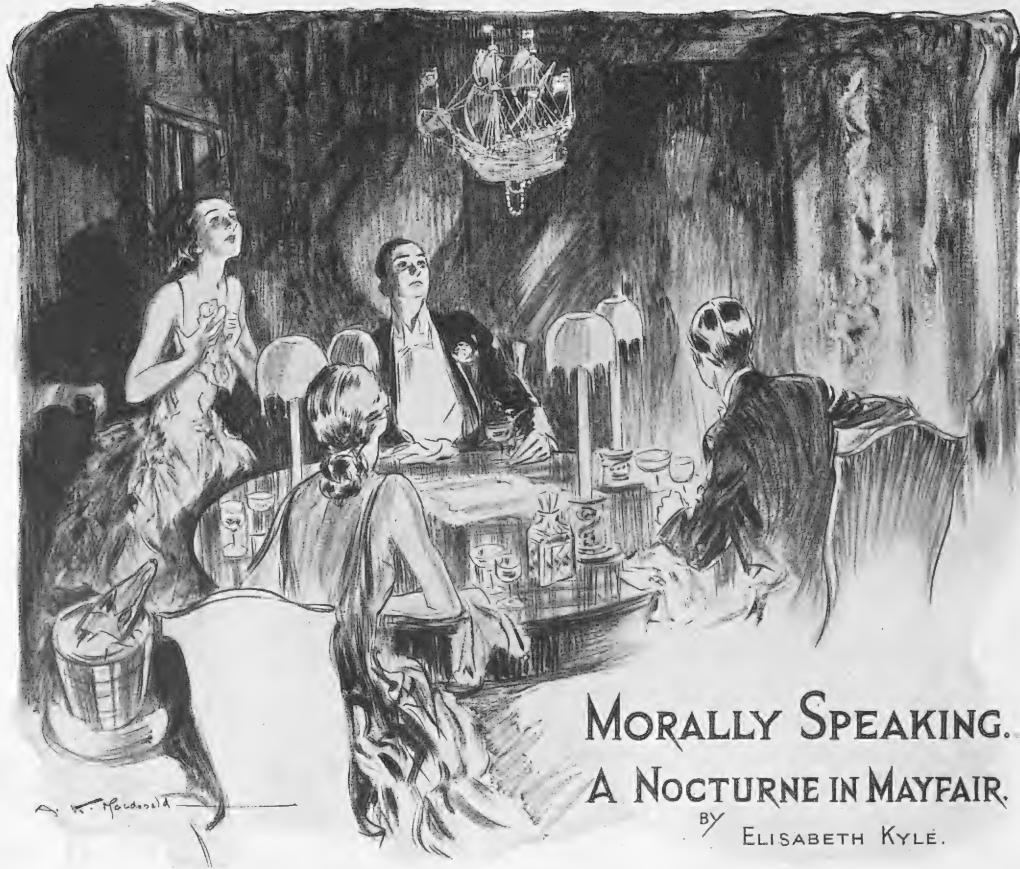
A GREAT
NAME

Gordon's

NO COLOURING MATTER
NO INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS

...and a
GREAT
GIN

W H I T E S T · P U R E S T · B E S T



MORALLY SPEAKING. A NOCTURNE IN MAYFAIR.

BY ELISABETH KYLE.

'She had left the table, cargo and all, and was floating in the air above our heads'

LENA had just about come to the end of her tether. I said so to Maxine that night in Lena's bedroom while we were taking our wraps off. Maxine was lifting up the lids of one jade powder bowl after another searching for the right face powder, and all she would say was, "No wonder, with that hog Cramb for a husband. Even though she was so beastly poor, did she need to marry him of all others?"

"One is thankful for what one can get these hard times," I said, looking round the room to make sure that the maid wasn't listening. Not that it matters much in the long run, for they know everything first, anyway. Lena had just had the room panelled in waxed pine and the ceiling painted a gobelin blue. Her bed was an old Italian walnut one decorated with bouquets of amber and blue. There were advantages, too, in having a rich man like Cramb for a husband.

"And as for Tim Carter," Maxine went on, following my own thoughts, "I must say she might have picked up somebody slightly less down-and-out. One might as well choose one's lover from among those able to do something for one, one way or another, don't you think so?"

Her glance rested perhaps accidentally on the bracelet of sapphires and diamonds that Peter, my husband, believes was bought with a legacy and which as all my friends seem instinctively to know had been given to me by Maitland after that last flying visit to Paris.

It was like Lena to plump for a second-rate little bourgeois like Tim with no money, no health, no brain. "I entirely agree with you," I told Maxine, "let's go down to the others."

A few minutes later we went in to dinner. The Cramps' dining-room, as I dare say you remember, is hung with engraved mirrors in steel frames, and has a rather fine Matisse over the green marble slab which serves for a sideboard. We five sat down at the round table. Cramb was off on a trip somewhere. I had got rid of Peter because I'd been asked to come alone

since Lena was only inviting old friends, so she said. Maxine, she, and I had been at the same finishing-school in Florence together, where she'd walked about by herself a lot, queer and huge-eyed. There was Bob Cargill who'd come from the same part of the country as she did, and Maitland, who once wanted to marry her. That was all.

Lena was wearing a stiff rustling gown of mulberry silk, cut high-waistedly, with a little square train at one side. She had none of her jewels on, which was queer, because, as she said herself, she had grown so thin lately that the modern fashion for jewels and plenty of them filled in her salt-cellars nicely. I thought she must have been trying some new kind of skin bleach her face was so white, and that she'd maybe decided to leave rouge alone because she knew how large and glittering the pallor made her eyes look.

We talked for a little, desultorily. Then—I can't remember what it was that made Bob begin a sentence with "Morally speaking ——"

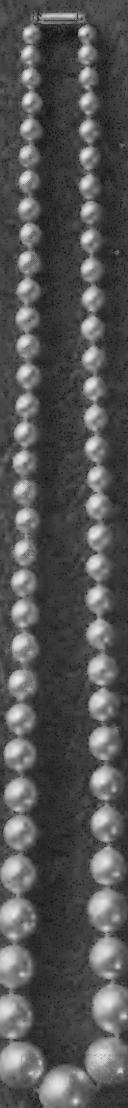
Lena suddenly smiled at him, one of those slow curious smiles we never quite understood. "Just what do you mean by morally?"

Well, we all knew Bob, and someone might have said something flippant, but Lena was talking again. "I always think it so illogical of us to hang on to some moralities and not others," she said; "take yourself, Bob, you weren't the least ashamed of going off with that woman just six months after your marriage, and yet if Maitland, for instance, suggested that you didn't know how to play square at a game like bridge you'd probably resent it."

"I probably would." Bob's tone showed that he thought she'd chosen a funny topic of conversation for a small dinner. But for once Lena seemed bent on following the conversation right on, wherever it might lead her, irrespective of her guests' feelings. And, of course, we'd all known one another for years.

(Continued on p. xx)

Ciro Pearls and Sea Pearls are social equals



They appear at the Opera together — frequently in the same box
oftener still they are in the same necklace, side by side
contributing together that radiance which pearls, and only pearls, can shed upon their wearer.

They participate equally in social functions.

They are partners in polite circles — they are affinities of shape, sheen and colour.

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Different only in origin and in cost.

Prove for yourself that Ciro Pearls are everything that is claimed for them. If you cannot visit a Ciro Salon we will send you upon receipt of a guinea a 16' Ciro necklet with gold clasp. Keep it for a fortnight. Wear it. And if you are not entirely satisfied, send it back and your money shall be returned in full.

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Photographic reproduction of the famous Ciro Pearl necklace 16' long (complete with gold clasp, in case). One Guinea.

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THE Sussex Inter-club Shield has just been won by Cooden Beach. Sussex is one of the counties where inter-club matches are really played on a definite plan and produce something like the definite club spirit and determination which in theory ought to burn within the breast of any player who goes forth to do battle for her club. Ashdown Forest won last year. This year they have just been beaten in the final by Cooden Beach.



Miss Heather Palmes, the Norfolk County player. She did well both at Aldeburgh and in the Worplesdon Foursomes

both scratch and handicap shields; Yorkshire have an inter-club championship; in fact, pretty well all over the country something of the sort seems to go on. This is as it should be. One is tired of the old reproaches of selfishness, and anything which may possibly convince the world at large that golfers do like to do things in company is all to the good.

Now let none of the winning teams in any of these various club competitions think that what follows is a cap which they must put on. It is a pity this cannot be made really personal. It would be so much easier to make my point if I might frankly mention one or two sides which I have in mind. But after all, brick-bats are uncomfortable things to receive at your head even through the post and out of the main part of the golfing season. Time and again one seems to see teams which on paper are of no account at all beating others whose string of names is altogether distinguished. There are undoubtedly teams, both club and county, who have a tremendous paper strength who are yet consistently beaten when it comes to the playing business itself. And over and over again it seems to me that this is because the players are too much concerned with individual reputation and not enough about the club as a whole. Granted that the first duty of a player is to keep her eye on her own ball and not to be thinking patriotic thoughts of her club, the fact does yet remain that keeping your own eye on your own ball is made much harder if at the back of your mind is the knowledge that the other members of your side consider you incapable of performing that operation.

The lurking fear that you will be ousted from the team if you lose your match; the certainty that some of the members are saying, "Of course Miss A will lose. Can't think why they play her," or "There's Miss B slicing again. I knew it was no good bringing her to a course like this"; these are the things that cause people to lose matches that they ought to win. And there is a great deal



As worn: Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Rhona Rabbidge, and Miss Leslie Brown are strong supporters of the beret and knowledgeable as to the correct angle at which it should be adjusted

do still worse where its captain and leading members distrust the humble folk who bring up the rear.

It must be remembered too that it is very often those humble ones playing at the bottom of the team who are left struggling, knowing that all hangs on their efforts, when the lordly ones at the top have finished their matches and the score between the clubs or counties stands all square. The heads of the team may be hardened to such things; the tails are apt to wag in nervous flutterings at such critical moments. For the first time of the day perhaps the eye of their captain is upon them. Is it to be wondered at if they make foolish mistakes, particularly if they feel that they are going to lose their place in the side altogether if they are beaten. That at least is a fate which cannot overtake the head of a team; for her everyone has excuses. If one might be allowed to whisper a word in the ears of all newly-elected captains it would be that their players should have a fair trial and know that they have their place for so many matches irrespective of whether they win or lose them. It might be a costly business with young players, but in the end it would be worth it. A captain must take long views if she would really do the best for her club or county.



At Brioni: Mrs. John Darwin driving in the competition for the cup presented by Lady Dunsford. This entrancing spot is the fashionable honeymoon rendezvous of the moment

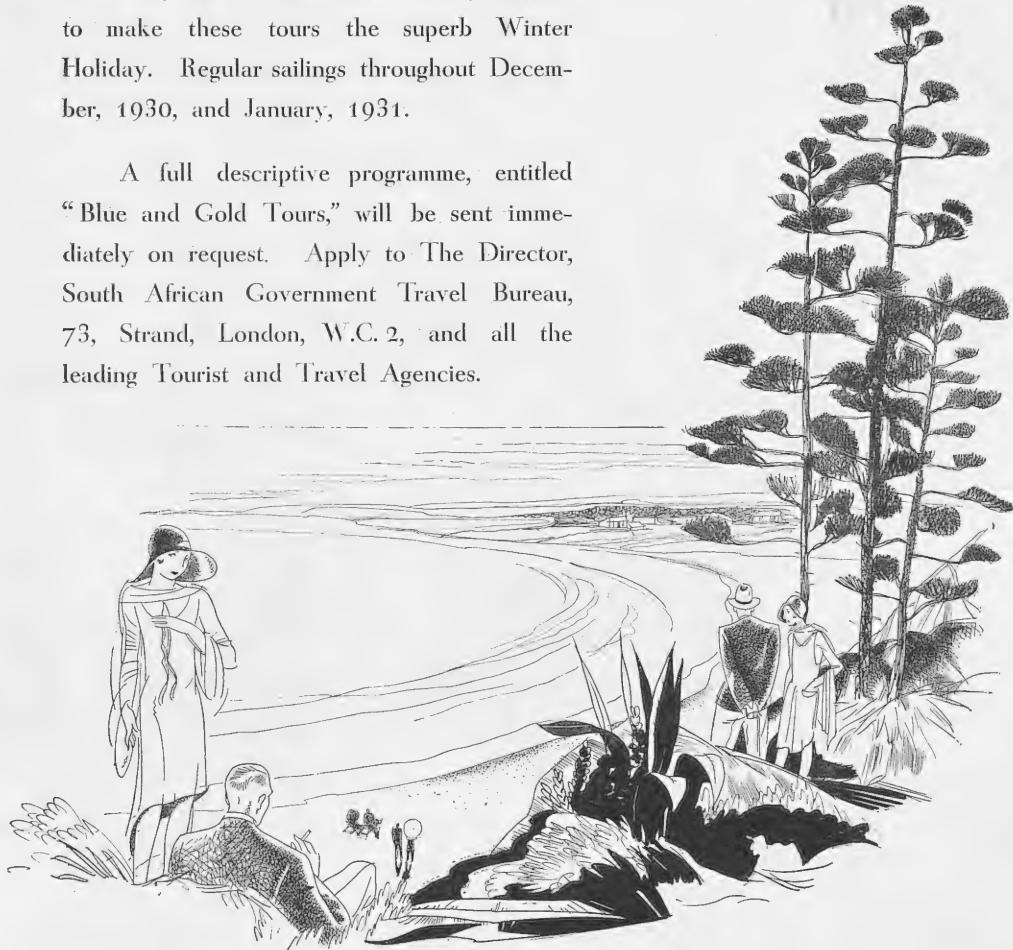
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“BLUE AND GOLD TOURS”

Follow Summer Southwards this Winter on a Blue and Gold Tour to South Africa, the Dominion of Blue Skies, Golden Sunshine and Health.

The refreshing ocean voyage, new scenes and interests, the delightful outdoor life, the social and sporting amenities, and, above all, the moderate travel costs, combine to make these tours the superb Winter Holiday. Regular sailings throughout December, 1930, and January, 1931.

A full descriptive programme, entitled “Blue and Gold Tours,” will be sent immediately on request. Apply to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and all the leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.





WITH THE FERNIE LAST WEEK

At the meet at Willoughby Waterless, when there was a cap for Lord Haig's Fund. In the group are: Mrs. Frank Bellville and her children, Ann and John, and Mrs. Hay, who is a sister of Mrs. Bellville, and her little son, James

The Gadget Hunter.

CYNICS say that there is a mug born every minute, and they are quite probably right. But super-mugs must come more rarely into the world, and in this I unhesitatingly put a certain pal-o'-mine. For two pines I would mention his name, which is by no means unknown, just to make him an awful example, but his sense of humour is rather delicately adjusted, and he might have me for libel. This fellow inherits Scotch blood upon his mother's side, and that is probably the reason why his keen eye caught an advertisement for a carburettor gadget which was "absolutely guaranteed" to save anything up to 40 per cent. of petrol. My own eye, thanks to much practice in these matters, is not entirely incapable of observation, and thus it was that when he approached me for the purpose of getting a little free advice (he is a doctor, but I would not expect him to diagnose me *gratis*), I boldly said "I see you have quite decided to do something, you have irrevocably cast the die, and now you want my opinion." It was exactly as I had deduced, except that he did not so much require my opinion as an appreciative ear into which he could pour his praises of what is to be regarded as a twenty-year-old swindle. He had fallen for the contrivance which was a thing that you (or the local mechanic) fastened into the inlet pipe. With fitting charges, and so forth, it has cost about a couple of quid. But the point was that it would be only a month or two before it had fully paid for itself. "You are satisfied that it really does what is claimed for it?" I asked. "Entirely! I have made the most careful test; and it saves nearly 30 per cent. of juice." "Excellent," I said, "I too have tested some of these things, indeed nearly all of them,

Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON

in which work I have done countless thousands of miles on Brooklands. And I have never found one of them that would improve the consumption of a reasonably well adjusted carburettor."

Taking Cub from Tiger.

So I demanded to know what form *his* particular tests had taken. He avowed that his car over a period of some ten months of running had averaged twenty-one miles to the gallon. This figure was obtained by setting the garage invoices (he is methodical) against the speedometer reading. And as a matter of fact it is not at all a bad result. To test the epoch-making device he had proceeded as follows. He had run the car until the tank was empty, then he had tipped a two-gallon tin into it and gone off for a drive in the country. And on that two gallons he had actually done over fifty-six miles. The arithmetic of the economy was elementary. *But*, I wished to know, did he have the car on level ground when he refilled—for a tilted tank will easily conceal a quart or so? Also did he, in view of the fact that normally his car has to do a good deal of traffic work, introduce any traffic work into his beautiful test? No, this was a point that he had overlooked, but he was inclined to think that it was not of much importance. So resolute was he that I sought to draw him into a bet that would have been highly immoral, for it was only comparable to taking candy from a kid. I said I would wager something quite substantial that under a proper test his wonderful gadget would show no improvement at all. He replied that he could not bear to take my money from me. So matters came to a deadlock; but incidentally I learned that in his enthusiasm for a non-existent and quite imaginary blessing he had induced two of his motoring neighbours to squander their hard-earned upon a fallacious toy, and that, even worse, he had already written a glowing testimonial. But before we parted I had a few pearls to cast. One was, that if this thing were so good the Royal Automobile Club would be only too pleased to certify the same—after an adequate test—and thus the glad tidings would be spread far and wide. Another was, that he might make on his own account a rather fuller test. Let him fill his tank to the top (it holds twelve gallons) and run until the autovac conks out, noting the mileage done. Then turn on the reserve supply, fill up again and repeat the performance, possibly even doing it a third time. This is, so far as I am aware, the simplest and most direct method of finding out what one is really doing to the gallon. But I know very well that he will not do this thing. He is happy enough to be in his fool's paradise, he hugs an illusion to his bosom, and he will as fiercely and obstinately fight for that illusion as a tigress for her cub. He would not listen to me when I suggested that anyone with a device for saving 30 per cent. of petrol could go to the London General Omnibus Company and get at least a quarter-of-a-million pounds cash down for it; that, in addition, the Air Ministry would make him a present of some hundred thousand pounds a year, and that there were other quite big countries outside of Britain where the foundations of a similar business could be laid.

(Continued on p. xvi)



"FELIX KEEPS ON WALKING"

An entertaining picture at Miss Alice Muir's kennels at Ettrick Shaws, Selkirk. Miss Muir is a well-known breeder of Irish wolf-hounds. "Felix" is quite unperturbed by the "gallery" as is the way of his species



Buchanan's

The best spirit
for the Christmas
season — for all
seasons — for all
who appreciate
fine quality-

Scotch Whiskies



**"BLACK & WHITE"
AND "LIQUEUR"**



Father Christmas has come to Selfridge's by aeroplane and brought with him the North Pole, including a snow-storm and the most marvellous animals in the world. His sack is full of novelties, including the magic wine-glass, musical knives, and singing walnuts. Flip, the frog, and the modern Teddy Bear as well as the drum, decline to be hidden

The Empire plum-puddings and crackers have met with Father Christmas' warmest approval; they are to be seen in the provision department, and so is the tin of delicious grape and other fruits. There are cakes galore—as a matter of fact, everything that may contribute to the festivity of Christmas and the New Year



Pictures by Blake

Method IN SKIN CARE



WHO can deny that Britain has more than her share of really beautiful women? To a very great extent this is due to the substitution of "Method" in Skin Care in place of the "experiments" of but a few years ago.

Pond's Method of Skin Care is the method adopted by most of the beautiful women in the land. It is adequate—it is suitable for blonde or brunette—for the debutante or the woman of more mature years—for the sports-woman or the sedentary worker—that

is why its appeal is national—almost universal. Follow the method praised by the beautiful, for they are living acknowledgements of the intrinsic worth of Pond's Complete Method of Skin Care.

At least twice a day use *Pond's Cold Cream* to cleanse the tiny pores and passages of the skin in which dust and dirt gather beyond the reach of soap and water. Wipe away the soiled cream with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*—ample, absorbent, soft as gossamer yet strong in texture, and discarded after use. Then a splash of *Pond's Skin Freshener* to brace the skin and close the pores—gloriously exhilarating. And, as the completion of the perfect toilet, a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to give the skin a pearly lustre, hold the powder, and protect from the weather.

POND'S



POND'S BEAUTY BOX

2/6, Reduced from 3/-.

Pond's Beauty Box is an artistically modern cofret containing jars of Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream, a bottle of Skin Freshener and cotton wool for applying it, and a supply of Cleansing Tissues.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

Please send me your special Sample Box containing *Pond's Cold Cream*, *Pond's Vanishing Cream* and your two new preparations, *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* and *Pond's Skin Freshener*, for which I enclose Postal Order or Stamps for 6d.

Name
Address

Post to POND'S EXTRACT CO., (Dept. 124),
103 St. John Street, London, E.C. 1.



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Father Christmas Comes to Town.

FATHER CHRISTMAS has come to Selfridge's, and the Presents Number of THE TATLER comes out next week. He has travelled from the North Pole via the Faroe Isles, but the greatest surprise is that he has brought the former with him, including the snow and animals. What games the children are having in endeavouring to persuade the animals to come out of their lairs for a few minutes. He has deposited Empire plum-puddings and crackers in the provision department as well as wondrous fruits, not overlooking tinned grape-fruit, which is from 7½d. a tin. Everyone must make a point of tasting it as it is perfectly delicious and health giving.

Pyjamas and Nighties.

A Father Christmas who has been commissioned to take thought for the needs of the grown-ups has visited Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. The illustrations on this page show that he has by no means neglected the lingerie department. Among the colours of the fabricating mediums of the lingerie there is an exquisite shade of peach, a new note being struck by blue Danube. It is really more like a delicate forget-me-not nuance than the shade that the river presents to the majority. Such simple gifts and ever such welcome ones are the artistic garters in boxes for 10s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. post free.

The Night-dress of To-morrow.

The night-dresses in these salons are just as charming as they can be. Note the one pictured at the foot of this page, with its modish cape and medieval corsage. It is of apple-green washing satin piped with white; it is 59d. 6d., or in floral crêpe de chine, the cape enriched with lace, it is 49s. 6d. The model on the right is of shell-pink georgette; it is cut very low in the back, and is enriched with lace. The cami-knickers are likewise of georgette trimmed with lace, the knickers being vandyked. These are frequently called "trousseau pieces"; they are entirely made by hand.

Lounge Ensembles.

It would be ridiculous to call the lovely ensembles pictured at the top of this page pyjamas. They are so beautiful that they must be designated lounge ensembles. The *chef d'œuvre* on the extreme right consists of three pieces. The wide trousers and tuck-in blouse are of white satin decorated with scarlet to match the coat, which returns the compliment, being piped with white; it is £6 6s. The other model has trousers of purple crêpe de chine, the cross-over sleeveless waistcoat being of an orchid-mauve tint. The scheme is

Simplicity is the salient feature of this night-dress carried out in washing satin, the cami-knickers are of georgette enriched with lace.
At Marshall and Snelgrove's



This lounge ensemble is a study in purple and orchid mauve georgette, the same shades are reflected in the metal brocade coat trimmed with lace. Scarlet and white satin are present in the model on the right. At Marshall and Snelgrove's

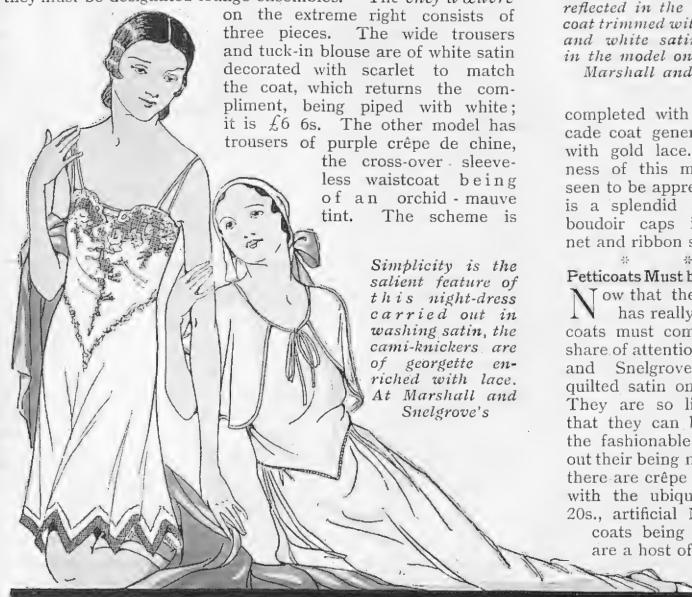
completed with a metal brocade coat generously trimmed with gold lace. The loveliness of this model must be seen to be appreciated. There is a splendid assortment of boudoir caps in which lace net and ribbon share honours.

Petticoats Must be Remembered.

Now that the cold weather has really arrived, petticoats must come in for their share of attention. At Marshall and Snelgrove's there are quilted satin ones for 39s. 6d. They are so light in weight that they can be worn under the fashionable dresses without their being noticed. Again, there are crêpe de chine slips with the ubiquitous flare for 20s., artificial Milanese petticoats being £1, and there are a host of others.



The graceful lines of this lovely night-dress are emphasized by lace, the fabricating medium being shell-pink georgette. At Marshall and Snelgrove's



All for Beauty



The subtlest gift of all A tribute to beauty

So long as human nature remains the same—the pleasing gift will always be the gift that flatters beauty. Here are some new and gracious secrets for the handbag and the dressing table—enshrined in gem-like cases—in gleaming glass. Powder and colour for cheeks and lips. Elegant grooming for shell-pink nails. Perfume to spray over newly-dressed curls. Give her but the least of these for Christmas—and what a glance you will awake!

*Manicure Set 12/-: Single Vanity Case 6/-:
Double Vanity Case 10/-: Double Vanity Case
and lipstick 12/-: Triple Vanity Case 21/-:
Harriet Hubbard Ayer Jasmin Perfume in crystal
glass bottle 27/-: Face Powder de Luxe in French
glass bowl 25/-.* These, and other lovely gifts
from all good Department Stores, Chemists and
Hairdressers.

Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Ltd., 130 Regent
Street, London, W.1, for our free Booklet 'All
for Beauty' which tells you all about the Harriet
Hubbard Ayer Beauty Preparations.

By the makers of LUXURLA the world's most famous Beauty Cream.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Simple Frocks for Day-time Wear.

Nowadays women revel in simple frocks as they are regarded as the smartest things in the world. Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street, excel in the creation of simple dresses in which are mirrored the latest commands of Fashion. Who would not desire to possess the model pictured on this page; it is carried out in printed crêpe de chine with a gold thread running through it. Although it is endowed with a becoming bolero and basque, it is pleasantly priced at £6 6s. Another dress that has been designed for a rather older woman is carried out in printed chiffon velvet, it is arranged with the new cross-over bodice, and is 6½ guineas. It is available in a variety of colour schemes. In the brochure (sent gratis and post free) will be seen a tailored tweed frock in heather mixtures for 69s. 6d.; it is made in this firm's own workrooms. Neither must it be overlooked that there are frocks in tweed with angora tweed for 63s.

* * *

The Value of Brown Paper.

It was a happy inspiration on the part of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, to print their new catalogue on brown paper, and have the dresses and wraps reproduced in black and white. It is so attractive that every page has to be studied with care. There are evening gowns in rich silk faille for 7½ guineas; the skirts are flared and finished at the waistlines with stitched belts and diamanté buckle. Satin makes some 6-guinea dresses; the backs of the skirts have inset hip yokes, they continue to the front, and finish with smart knots. Several interesting winter coats likewise find pictorial expression therein; they are made from reliable materials, are well cut with slightly waisted effect, and although the price is only £5 19s. 6d.; they are collared and cuffed with beaver lamb fur. Naturally there are more expensive coats all representing equally good value.

* * *

Gifts for Motorists.

No one can possibly cavil at the statement that Dunhill's, 359, Euston Road, is a Mecca for all in quest of gifts for the motorist. Among the novelties of the season are the leather gauntlet gloves; they have a small pocket fastened with a lightning fastener in the left cuff. The left hand can remain on the steering wheel while the right hand can whip out a handkerchief in a second. Fur-backed gloves with a turn-back cuff which can be turned up to make a high gauntlet are from 37s. 6d. A novelty which is sure to be applauded is a clock in a driving-mirror for the inside of a saloon car; the mirror is heavily silvered and the clock has a charming design round the face; it is 50s. The Jorgon mascot strikes a new note; it is of chromium plate, with space for school or club colours to be fitted in; it is 7s. 6d., while a brake efficiency indicator is 18s. 6d.; it is simplicity itself to use.



Picture by Blake

A SIMPLE DRESS
Of printed crêpe de chine with a golden thread running through. It is arranged with a becoming bolero and basque. At Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W.

Rational Exercises.

All and sundry are desirous of keeping fit, and it is universally acknowledged that exercises are of the greatest assistance in so doing; again, they have a slenderizing effect on the figure. So great is the demand for the correct exercises that Agneth Bertram, one of the pioneers of physical culture, has made a remarkable "His Master's Voice" gramophone record; it

gives instructions for twenty-six rational exercises; they are all of the simplest character. The exercises are consecutive so as to utilize the four minutes of each series to the utmost. They are all easy to learn and are in two divisions only, that is the movement proceeds from one position to another and back again, directed by the command. The exercises are accompanied by continuous music. Further particulars regarding these admirable exercises may be obtained from the Gramophone Company, 363, Oxford Street, W.

* * *

The Art of Feminine Beauty.

No woman can fail to be interested in Madame Helena Rubinstein's book (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), entitled "The Art of Feminine Beauty," she has made a life-long study of the subject and, as a consequence, deals with it comprehensively. There are chapters devoted to the skin, breathing, bathing for beauty, the art of make-up, mirrors, and light or shadow, and perfume—the exquisite finishing touch. In the chapter devoted to mirrors she declares that there are two ways of gazing into a mirror; one is to be too critical, to magnify every little defect and blemish. The other is to look with too great complacency with the tendency that the mind has to see only what it wishes to see. She counsels women to try and arrive at the stage when they can view themselves neither too harshly nor too indulgently.

* * *

Three Paths to Beauty.

Madame Rubinstein declares that there are three paths to beauty; regular diet, exercise, and the scrupulous care of the skin. The skin has all its life to fight enemies which attack it from without and within; the internal ones are the wrong things we eat, and the external the dust and germs in the air. She explains at length how these enemies may be conquered and also gives full details regarding diet and exercises. Then she whimsically declares that beauty is far more often made than born. She relates much that is interesting regarding perfume, she considers it is the finishing touch to beauty, as it completes the personality and that it has the magic power to attract, to arouse sensation, and to stimulate the imagination. She has studied perfume from every angle and especially the part it has played in the romantic history of the past. She believes that there is an art in the use of perfume and that it must be used with the greatest discretion to suit the personality.



Strain time is Benger time

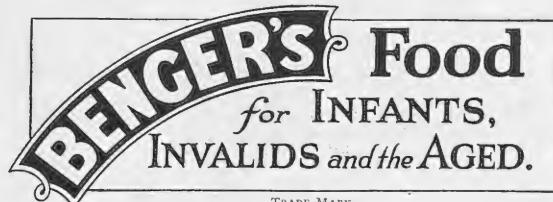
To men, business worries, overwork, hurried meals; to women, domestic worries, nursing, sleeplessness, etc., result in exhausted nerves, impaired digestion, low vitality, insomnia, etc.

Strain-time is Benger-time! Benger's Food rests the digestive system. It is soothing and sleep-inducing. It ranks foremost among the most easily digested and highly nourishing foods known to the Medical Profession. Benger's is dainty and delicious. It forms, with fresh milk, a delicious food cream. Its delicate biscuit flavour blends well with chocolate, coffee, etc. "One never tires of Benger's."

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A Lady Doctor writes:—"Benger's Food is excellent for insomnia, given to patients in bed the last thing before the light is turned out."

Send for the Booklet of Benger's Food. It contains dainty recipes for light dishes that give nourishment with digestive rest.



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CAPE TOWN (S.A.): P.O. Box 573.

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 334)

gallantly rescued by a band of willing foot-sloggers. Scent was not too good, and although hounds killed a brace there was no run of note. However the Tambourine was kept a rollin', and all enjoyed the darts in the open with a few fences to negotiate.

From the Heythrop

Last Wednesday at Bradwell Grove was better suited to enjoying the Colonel's hospitality than a day in the fresh air. It was bitterly cold, and little happened except to the lady whose horse first fell down on the way to the meet and then bolted round the park, finally discharging her against the sunk fence. We are glad to hear that she is making a speedy recovery and hope that she will shortly be out again.

On Thursday all except the hounds met at St. George's, Hanover Square, and witnessed what is known in business as the amalgamation of two leading houses. We wish them a life-long continuation of their happiness, and that events may prove the bride's recent illness to be the only rash action of a long and peaceful life. Rumour has it that the honey-moon is being spent on the Volga, as the bridegroom is known to be partial to caviare. As, however, he is a very indifferent oar and singing in a boat is the chief pastime of those parts, the rumour is probably incorrect. It would be wiser, therefore, not to forward any belated presents until their return.

Friday from Moreton witnessed a large field, and a very enjoyable seventy minutes across the vale. Unfortunately the hunt was also across the brook, and very soon Lawrence and the chosen few looked as far away as Laz. on A's bosom. Those, however, who suffer from the brook complex should take courage from the North Cotswold tigress, who not only enjoys brook but prefers a strand of wire on the take-off side.

The meet on Saturday was at Wilcote, where lovely weather compensated a little for a day spent almost entirely in the forest. Boulters Barn on Monday was without incident until Mr. Whittaker's kale field produced a fox, and a gallop, and later another fox and gallop, the latter a hunt of forty minutes. We hope the bay horse will be well exercised before being hunted again!

From the York and Ainsty

A couple of sharp frosts on November 4 and 5 made us wonder whether we should be stopped hunting the first week of the regular season; however, both packs were out on Thursday, 6th, the North meeting at Aldeburgh and the South at Huby; neither had any scent to speak of.

The Foggathorpe day (8th) dawned fine and calm, and David's select band really thought they would have some fun; we then heard that the motor hound-van had skidded and overturned near Escrick! Hounds and men had a wonderful escape, the only casualty being Mattie with a cut finger; a fresh lorry was obtained and we started operations at twelve. Scent was poor, though we found foxes in Laytham Whin, Newdrive, and West Wood. Charles took advantage of Norah's absence to jump much higher than his horse, and presented a sad picture of what a man may become unless restrained by the influence of a good woman.

Answers to Correspondents.

Puzzled.—The peculiar shade of red worn by the Wolderness hunt servants you saw is an old tradition, having been introduced by Sir Thomas Cuirass right away back in 1928 and continued ever since.

NOREMAC.—We are sorry you were de-horsed through your charger clearing the timber too high. Our advice is to try and adhere to him, as it's far better than jumping too low.

PATWIG.—Seeing the gentleman offered you a bite out of his cutlet, there was no breach of etiquette in accepting it. Did your mother know, though?

From Lincolnshire

To see some of the veterans of the chase in the pigskin again and riding with all the zest of youth as if rejuvenated with gland therapy is a pleasure indeed! Still going strong at eighty, Heaven only knows how many years some of these great-grandfathers have followed the fortunes of the sport of kings! May not this be the last season by many these stalwarts will see and enrich us with their stories of the times when wire was not and when 30 per cent. of the field were tenant farmers. Hunting difficulties are legion, but one of the worst to-day is the ubiquitous motor-car. They smother the scent with their exhaust fumes, head the fox, and sometimes even drive into hounds.

This trouble was particularly noticeable when the Brocklesby hunted from Healing on November 8; indeed, the foxes were hemmed in on every side, so that the day's sport was mainly confined to a circumscribed area and made it extremely difficult for the huntsman and his staff.

On the same day the Blankney found an *embarras de richesses* of foxes in the Low Covert after meeting at Brant Broughton, but a snug little underground parlour—about which nobody seemed to know—sheltered them all; while another fox which hounds took away from Wellingore Gorse, after being prettily hunted across some of the best bits in the Vale, chanced upon the same sanctuary.

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PERFUME 17-

POWDER 24



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Topics of Varied Interest

Say It In Violets.

Surely there is no more welcome envoy of Christmas gifts than a bunch of violets, or some accessory that is endowed with their elusive fragrance, and of course they must be sponsored by the Misses Allen-Brown, The Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex. A slight idea of the wide field covered by these specialities may be gleaned from the illustrated catalogue sent gratis and post free. To them must be given credit for the violet-scented sponge-case pictured; it is of mauve check silk with waterproof lining, and has four pockets containing soap, sachet, face square, and three bath sachets. Also portrayed is a jewel case in grey suède lined with chamois leather; of it one may become the possessor for 10s. 6d.; it is particularly useful when travelling. At the top of the page is a box of powder elusively perfumed with violets in various shades; it is 4s. 6d. a box post free. Furthermore there is lavender as well as violet soap in both general and visitor sizes. A fact on which emphasis must be laid is that the supply of violets during December is very uncertain.

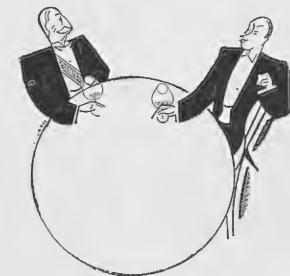
SPONGE CASE

A Bachelor's Housewife.
A novelty from the Misses Allen-Brown's, and one that is sure to be much appreciated, is a bachelor's housewife; it is of grey suède bound with purple ribbon; it contains cotton, thread, and needles, and of it one may become the possessor for 7s. 6d. There are larger ones made of purple silk and lined with white linen, they have needle-book, scissors, cotton, and thimble; they are 12s. 6d. Every woman is sure to accord a warm welcome to a hose-carrier. It is of mauve linen, fitted with needles and silk for mending. It seems almost unnecessary to add that all these specialities are violet scented. There are purple hampers of violet toilet

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and
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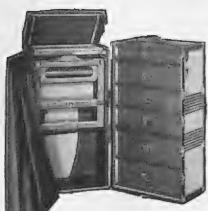


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Stuart

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 358

pig-eadedness," or "promoxous to egggregariousness"? Thus whilst I am with his lordship all the way and deplore such an epithet as "unique" when applied to such an evanescent thing as a cocktail, I am convinced that we have got to recognize the fact that there is another side—very definitely to all this—the punch of it. I should not myself refer to anyone as "a skoin of a noble 'ouse," but I do recognize that it is far more arresting than if the acceptedly correct description were employed. I do not personally like the word "apocalyptic" as applied to a fit, but I think in all fairness we must admit that it is at least arresting and does make you sit up and cock your ears. I should also hesitate to call anyone "a treacherous pig," or say of him "once a mongrel always a dirty dog," or to talk of any person or thing as "postumous," but again I say, we must admit that things like this do present the meanness of our language to us in a way that even Lord Darling himself must fail to do.

* * *

If the facts concerning a particularly revolting form of cruelty to horses, which are set out below, are categorically correct, and there is no reason to suppose that they are not, or Dr. E. H. Stancomb of Southampton would not have put them forward as publicly as he did, I suggest that it is desirable that someone should want to know something about it from the department concerned, and that when the Conservatives, the Liberals, and the Socialists have a few spare moments from their never-ending squabbles, one of their number should ask a question in the Commons. Dr. E. H. Stancomb referred to the work which was being carried on at the Hampshire Research Station, Salisbury Plain, in connection with poison gas, plague bacteria spreading, and possibly other "weapons" of modern civilized warfare, and he stated that 2,000 old horses had been turned over to the research station for experiments in poison gas and the cultivation of bacteria for spreading plague. They were, he added, enclosed in a sort of cage, while an officer stood outside smoking a cigarette pumping gas into the building to observe how the poor beasts reacted.

"It gives one a nasty cold feeling down the back," added Dr. Stancomb. "It makes me a bit hot under the collar. Of course we have got to recognize the fact that with all this disarmament going on, and such a chorus of "we don't want to fight" and "war is unthinkable," and ships and sailors and soldiers and shooting condemned by the League of Nations as evil and unspeakable implements of barbarism, nations must think out something a bit neater than shells and the bayonet, but ought it to be necessary for 2,000 experiments to be made to see if the latest and most deadly form of poison gas will kill?

* * *

WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR: CAPTAIN EDWARD LANE-FOX AND MISS JOAN LANE-FOX

The Lane-Fox and Harewood families practically spell Bramham Moor Hunt history. Lord Harewood and his brother, the Hon. Edward Lascelles, are now Joint Masters. The hounds and country, especially the former, are second to none

that makes me a bit hot under the collar. Of course we have got to recognize the fact that with all this disarmament going on, and such a chorus of "we don't want to fight" and "war is unthinkable," and ships and sailors and soldiers and shooting condemned by the League of Nations as evil and unspeakable implements of barbarism, nations must think out something a bit neater than shells and the bayonet, but ought it to be necessary for 2,000 experiments to be made to see if the latest and most deadly form of poison gas will kill?

* * *

The hunting world has lost a great supporter in the late Captain Harry Whitworth whose death occurred recently and is much regretted by all who knew him, including myself. In 1902-3 Mr. Whitworth was Joint Master of the Galway Blazers. For the following five years he had the Westmeath, and subsequently he was Master of the Holderness for seven years and of the York and Ainsty for ten. In his younger days Captain Whitworth rode very well in 'chases and point-to-points. Amongst his successes were four in the Ward Union Hunt Cup, 1903; 1905, when he rode his own horse; 1908, and 1910. When he had the York and Ainsty, all his hunters, or at any rate, most of them, were christened after characters in Surtees' books.

* * *

* * *



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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

By the time these notes appear the entries for our Members' Show will have closed. I hope all members will have made an effort to support their own show by entering. Those who have not done so can show their remorse by coming to the show which, I repeat, is at the Crystal Palace on December 4.

* * *

I frequently have inquiries for dogs of all breeds which are house-trained. Would any members who have house-trained dogs to dispose of please let me know? It is certainly much pleasanter for a town-dweller to have a dog which is already used to the house, as training in a town presents a good deal of difficulty.

* * *

Mrs. Cliff McCulloch is one of those who keep the Keeshond flag flying in Scotland. She sends a picture of her good dog, Max Bayside. Max has done very well at shows and, as can be seen, is a typical Keeshond. He is at stud at a very moderate fee in Kirkcudbrightshire and should be a great help to the breed in Scotland. Mrs. McCulloch has also lately fallen a victim to the charms of the Schnauzers, and the picture includes Sandra de Chavalard, who took a first and two seconds the first time shown.

* * *

At the Retriever Trial Meeting of the Kennel Club held at Ford Castle, at which the Open Stake was decided, Lady Howe won first with F.T. Champion Bryngarw Flute. Lady Howe has only lately acquired Flute, but he was bred by her and is by the famous F.T. Champion Balmuto Jock.

At the same meeting Mrs. Wormald's Knauth Bliss, handled by his owner, was warded a certificate of merit.



KEESHOND AND SCHNAUZER

The property of Mrs. Cliff McCulloch

Show, and was looking forward to showing at the show of the Southern Cairn Terrier Club.

* * *

T

The Pekinese is one of those breeds which has come to stay. Pekinese appear everywhere, in plays, in films, in books (who will forget the delightful Pekinese in "The White Monkey"), poems in their praise appear in the exclusive columns of "Punch"; in fact they are ubiquitous, but as human nature delights in variety, and Pekinese are usually coloured, there has lately arisen a fancy for white ones. Mrs. Adams has a kennel of whites, and sends a delightful photograph of three snow-white puppies who took second prize at the recent Toy Dog Show. Mrs. Adams usually has white puppies for sale, though these are of course rather rare.

* * *

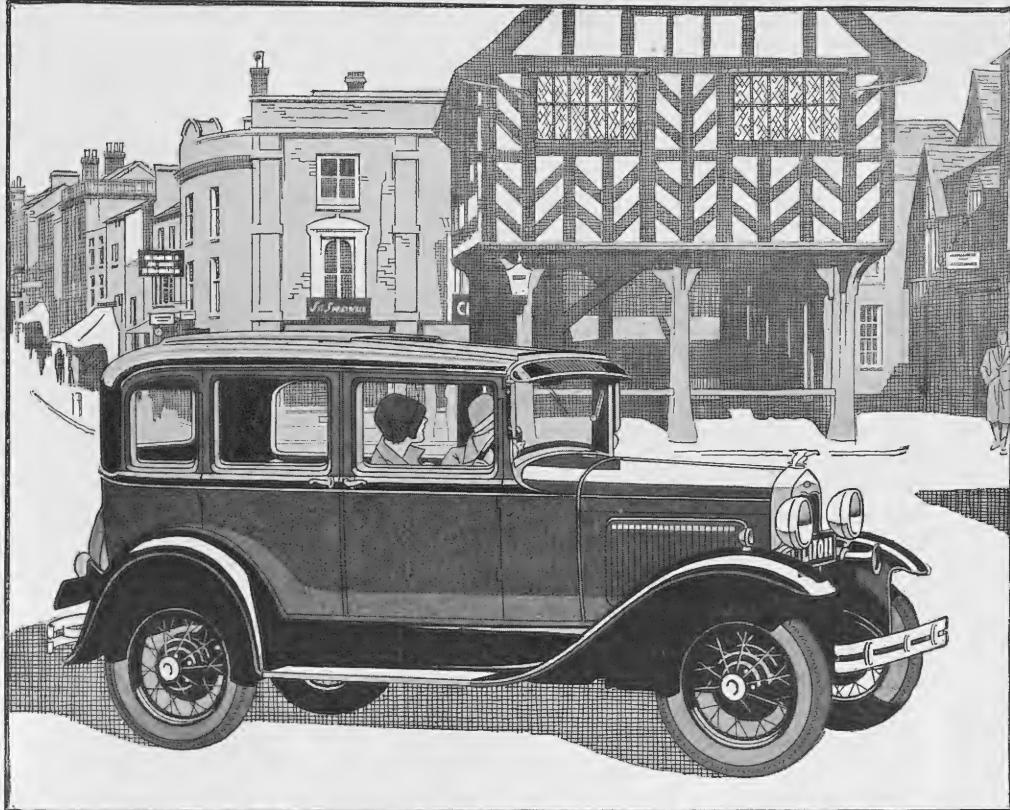
Mrs. Isaac Bell is one of the best-known supporters of the Pekinese. She writes that she has a very good young dog, six months old, for sale. He is dark red, sire, Champion Ki Pung of Alderbourne. Mrs. Bell says, "I think he will make a good show specimen; as he has a beautiful flat face, is very massive, and has a huge coat." His price is most moderate. The delightful picture is of the pup's grandmother and his mother when a baby. Mrs. Bell



PEKINESE

The property of Mrs. Isaac Bell

Owners do not put their FORD Cars up for the Winter



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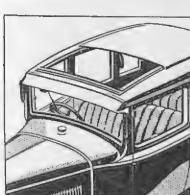
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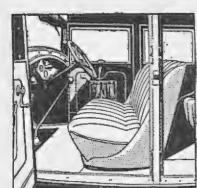


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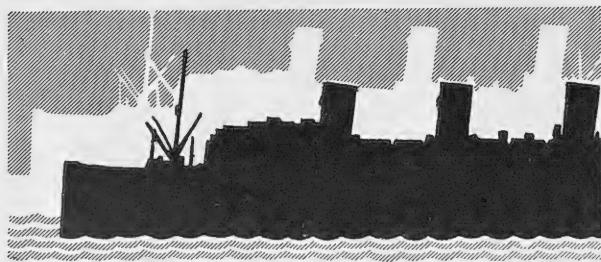


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PRISCILLA IN PARIS--(continued from p. 342)

wives, and other ladies, sat in front, which was, of course, all to the good of the general decorative effect. *Nudist's Bar* is a curious affair. It purports to represent night-club life as lived by the performers thereof. The broken hearts under the stiff shirt front, the tremulous upper lip drawn into a come-hither smile. You know the sort of thing. Anyway it's quite an entertaining little tragedy punctuated with all the usual cabaret stuff.

The stage has been moved into the centre of the stalls and has become a raised platform on which what action of the play there is takes place. The spectators sit in the stalls and on what used to be the stage surrounding the platform. Little tables, *à la* German beer-hall, are in every box, and one can imbibe during the performance. All good America flocks there. The players mingle with the spectators—I had quite a chin-wag with Harry Pilcer during one of his "waits"—and the bourgeois spectator thus feels himself to be no end of a devil. Lovely little Rahna and beautiful Delia-Col are rivals for Harry's heart, which he gives to neither, being much too busy dancing and singing and acting the rôle of a most tragic *gigolo* throughout the evening. He is so moving that one feels sure that every woman in the house yearns to console him. . . . Dear Harry, you've a heavy winter ahead, so . . . all power to your elbow, and love from PRISCILLA.



WITH THE LAUDERDALE : LIEUT.-COL.
ALEXANDER MITCHELL, M.F.H., AND
MAJOR SHARPE

On the opening day at Woodheads, which is owned by the Master, Colonel Mitchell was recently presented by the hunt with his portrait in oils by Sir William Orpen on completion of his twenty-first year of Mastership of the Lauderdale

Mastership of the Lauderdale

RUGBY RAMBLINGS—(continued from p. 360)

is offered on this individual case, which at the moment of writing is still *sub judice*, but the principle is admirable. Once forwards learn that punishment of this kind awaits the persistent breaker of the laws there will be an end to the present irritating delays. To allow half-a-dozen ineffectual attempts to get the ball into the scrum is sheer weakness, somebody should be penalized and pretty sharply.

As is always the case after a tour abroad, the men who have been to New Zealand are showing signs of strain, and some of them at least will not be much use to their International teams this season. If there is an exception it is R. Jennings, the old Taunton boy who plays centre for Cornwall, and did good work the other day against Devon. "LINE-OUT."



GUY'S HOSPITAL XV

Guy's came with such a rush at the finish in their recent match with Coventry at Honor Oak Park that they completely overwhelmed the opposition and ran out winners 33 points to 17. The names in this group are: W. Lewis (back), D. E. Ashdown, T. Richardt, J. E. Giesen, and A. G. Johnson (three-quarters), Windsor Lewis, and R. J. Eustace (half-backs), J. S. Batchelor, J. P. O'Shea, L. B. Hilton, I. G. Robin, L. I. S. Campbell, J. R. F. Popplewell, G. F. Lashmore, and R. A. P. Hogbin (forwards).

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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 366

Distinctly Major.

I have just been trying the latest of the Morris products—the engaging Major—which in the form of a two-door saloon sells at the extraordinary low price of £215 for a thoroughly well-found and conscientiously turned-out six-cylinder car. It very definitely pleases me, for it is one of those things that perpetually force one to wonder how it can be done at the price. There are very few "ifs and buts" about it, for it is an all-round good performer. The particular car that was placed in my hands came straight off the production line and had a virgin speedometer. Yet within a hundred miles it had shown that it could do its genuine sixty against the clock. I well know that I should not have put my foot down so hard, but the engine did not seem to mind this treatment in the least. Top-gear seems to be good enough for all ordinary hills, and the truth is that the Major greatly



PHEASANT SHOOTING: LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. H. B. WILKINSON

At Mr. J. G. Murray's recent shoot at Wrest Park, Bedfordshire, Mrs. Wilkinson always acts as loader to her husband. Colonel Wilkinson, who is a Durham Light Infantry polo celebrity of the De Lisle epoch, has soldiered a good deal in India

surprised me in this aspect of performance. There is very, very little noise at any speed; there is no perceptible vibration, the braking could hardly be bettered. The car looks as though its internal dimensions were restricted. Actually they are not, for there is plenty of room for four full-sized people, "to say nothing of a dog," a big dog. And it hardly needs to be said that the equipment is lavish—dipping head-lamps, radiator shutters, thermometer, wire wheels, bumpers fore and aft, safety-glass . . . and, I don't know what else. The fact that the Major pitched a trifle over wavy roads is probably due to lack of shock-absorber adjustment. I confess I was too lazy to put it right. A trifle of stiffness in the steering I attribute to newness. Sliding windows I never loved very much, but these are so well arranged that I am almost converted to them, especially as a screw enables one to correct their tendency to rattle. I like this Morris Major muchly. So muchly, indeed that Mrs. P. V. remarked "I see what you're thinking about. We can't afford any more cars." All I could do was to sigh deeply.



CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS

The American air pilot, who has set up a new speed record from Cuba to New York, and averaged nearly 190 m.p.h. for the 1,400 miles, this time including 42 min. for refuelling—some going

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Be sure to examine the band. For your protection, every genuine Corona cigar, whether larger or smaller than the Cigar size, carries the brand name LA CORONA.

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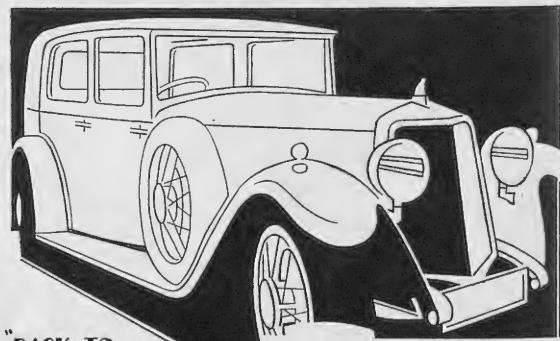
The Armstrong Siddeley makes no pretensions to racing car performance, although some models do over "seventy," but it does give you more happy contented miles to the pound expenditure than any other motor car.

The intangible quality of stamina is built into it, that is

why satisfied owners who have touched the seventy thousand mark, report—"She is still running beautifully."

All new models embody the pre-selective self-changing gear.

Why not come along and see the entirely new model "Armstrongs" at our showrooms.



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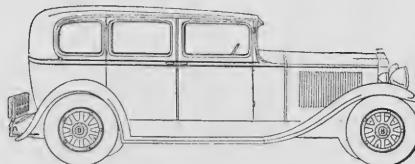
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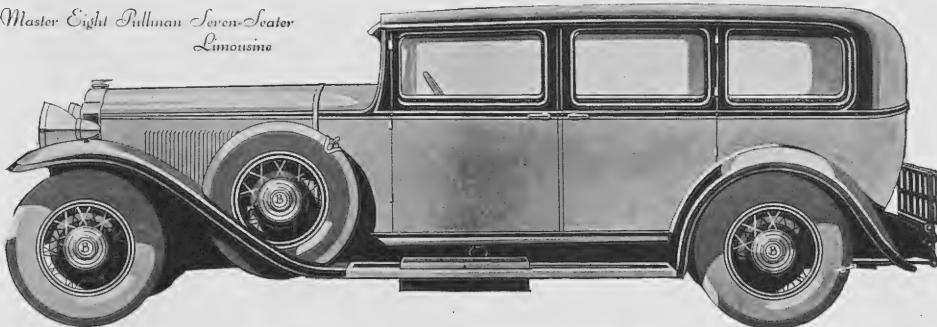
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Ask your local dealer for a trial run in the new Buick "Eight." Feel the ease with which it glides through traffic; the lightning quickness of its acceleration, the power that takes you up the most formidable hills on top, the brakes that bring you to a standstill smoothly, quickly.

In addition to the light saloon there are the 30 h.p. Standard "Eight" and the 36 h.p. Master "Eight"; these two models have synchro-mesh transmission and dual carburation and will attain speeds of 75 to 80 m.p.h. All models are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

Master Eight Pullman Seven-Seater Limousine



THE NEW BUICK 8

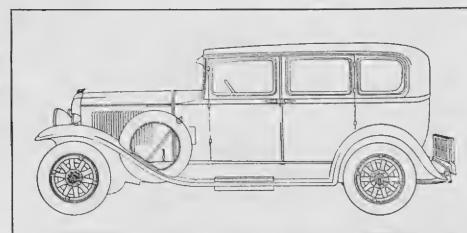
27-H.P. LIGHT SALOON, WHEELBASE 114 in. - £398

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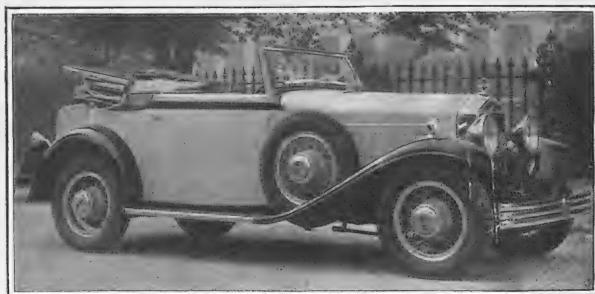
the six-cylinder companion to the Buick "Eight," is now priced as follows: Saloon, £295; Fabric Saloon, £315; Fabric Coupé, £315; Tourer, £275.



Light Dominion Four-door Saloon

Motor Notes and News

The fine new Chrysler Service Station at Park Road, St. John's Wood, N.W., was officially opened recently by Lord Stalbridge and formally christened by Mr. C. M. Lomax, managing director of Chrysler



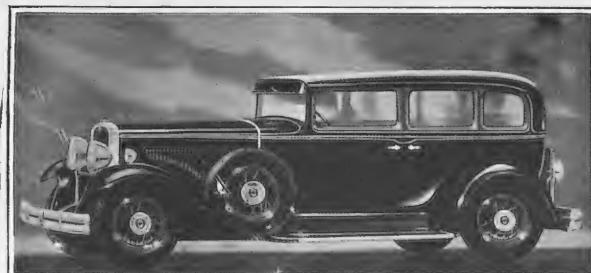
A WILLYS KNIGHT SLEEVE VALVE SIX

The Australian owner of this handsome Willys Knight Sleeve Valve Six coupé can sleep in the car when on extended tours "down under." The front seat is designed to fall backwards on to special brackets which support the squab and seat level with the rear seat, thus providing a comfortable bed. The whole of the interior is heavily padded, and blinds are provided for the side windows. Externally the body is finished in a striking primrose yellow, with wheels to match.

Motors, Ltd. Lord Stalbridge opened this immense building in a very novel manner. He drove in a new Chrysler Eight—the first one registered in this country—and thus broke the tape at the entrance with a new car. In congratulating and wishing success to Mr. W. M. Bailey, the managing director of Auto Sales Co., Ltd., who have erected this building at a cost of over £100,000, Lord Stalbridge, who is chairman of the board of King Hall Sales, Ltd., London distributors for Dodge cars, remarked that it gave him particular pleasure to be invited to perform this ceremony for three reasons. Firstly, it was a most cordial gesture

from Mr. Bailey to invest him, a fellow motor distributor and thereby a competitor, with this privilege. Secondly, it emphasized the happy relations which really exist in the motor trade; and thirdly, it proved conclusively the co-operative spirit which also existed amongst the distributor organizations which form part of the Chrysler tree. He stated he was pleased to represent a branch growing out of the same tree as Mr. Bailey. The building is close to Lords Cricket Ground, occupies a space of nearly 1,000,000 cubic ft, is equipped with the most modern machinery, and has accommodation for nearly 600 cars. It is manned by a staff of qualified Chrysler mechanics, and it was noticed that an adequate stock of spare parts was available to cope with every contingency, and that the whole building presents everything that is modern and efficient to ensure the quick servicing of cars.

An interesting feature of the Nash six-cylinder models is the fact that unlike other cars of the six-cylinder variety, they have seven bearing crank-shafts, and aluminium alloy (inva strut) pistons. The connecting rods are drilled for forced-feed lubrication direct to the gudgeon pins and cylinder walls. All the eight-cylinder models have engines with nine-bearing crank-shafts, and the 28.8-h.p. and 33.8-h.p. engines are fitted with twin ignition, the latter also having twin carburetters. The car shown in this illustration is the eight-cylinder 26.4-h.p. five-seater saloon, 116½ wheelbase. It is priced at £385.



AN EIGHT-CYLINDER 26.4-H.P. NASH CAR

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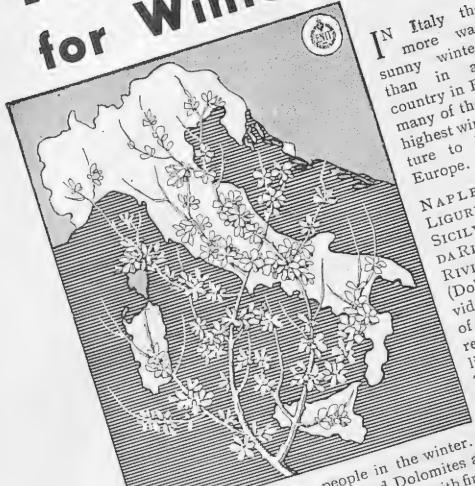
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Morally Speaking . . . —continued from p. 362

"And you, Jill," she turned those great glittering eyes on me, "you don't mind taking diamonds for what you don't mean to give, and yet you wouldn't pick up a sixpence somebody dropped in front of you, would you?"

I really think she needn't have alluded in public to that bracelet, even though everyone there did know that Maitland had given it to me. Rather bad taste I considered it.

She evidently thought so too, for she said so next minute. "I suppose it is because in this world we don't mind immorality half so much as we mind bad-taste. For instance, supposing I wanted to leave this—this place, you'd none of you blame me if I went off with some man or other, but you'd be slightly shocked if I put my only talent to account and set up as a mesmericist."

It was that "only talent" of hers which had made us shun her rather at school. The Head didn't know of it, of course. I must say we thought it amusing when we found she could make one of the girls believe that she saw a mongoose running up the curtain, while even I once thought I saw a tree spring up and unfold itself above the classroom floor. She did it very seldom though, because it took too much out of her; never, so far as I knew, after her marriage. I had almost forgotten she could do it at all.

So had Bob. "Lord, yes," he exclaimed, a startled, surprised note in his voice, "Don't you remember when we were kids, you told me a unicorn lived in the wood, and one day when I was with you I saw him?"

"Come on Lena, be a sport," Maitland called out from his end of the table, "mesmerize us all here and now, or I shall simply refuse to believe that you can!"

Lena didn't seem to be listening. "Take theft, for instance. Just plain theft is bad taste, so we none of us do it. But theft of love, of each other, is immoral, and it is better to be immoral than ill-bred. Or does it much matter whether one is both—or neither?"

Maitland frowned. "Stop drivelling, Lena. Theology is not your strong suit. Get down to it. I long to see a unicorn."

Now I know I've no brain to speak of, but I sometimes have intuitions. I had one then, and it told me she had been leading the whole conversation up to this one request. That she had grouped the evening round it, so to speak, picking us out only, getting rid of Peter and the others, for some purpose of her own. The moment I realized this the atmosphere of the room seemed to change to a steely, watching brightness, through which the silver model of a galleon in the centre

of the table gleamed, reflecting itself in every sheet of engraved glass around the room until we five seemed surrounded by a ring of silver boats, each with its prow turned towards us.

"What shall I make you children see?" said Lena, smiling, "that silver galleon setting sail? Let's load it up first. Every ship needs ballast, and this one's so light if it does move you'll think I blew it along. Gold and silver and precious stones—Jill, your bracelet, throw it on the poop!"

They were waiting for me, so I had to unclasp the thing and lay it in the little ship. The others began to shy things into it like children. Maxine took her pearls off and tried to poke them all in, but they kept dripping over the side in festoons. Maitland took all the bank-notes he had on him and weighed them down on the deck with the carved jade ring he always wears. I think Maitland was probably a little drunk by then.

Lena sat quite still, looking in front of her, her face as white as paper now. She seemed as though she might faint at any moment, and all of a sudden I felt that so might I. That same dreadful sensation swept over me that I'd once had at Le Touquet after eating tinned lobster. Not sick yet, but dreadfully dizzy, and with a humming in the ears.

The humming got louder, got so loud that it seemed to come not from inside my head at all but from the middle of the table. I looked there and saw that the ship's tiny silver threads of rigging were humming in a wind that had begun to fill its sails.

The others had all seen it too. I suppose I looked as funny as they did, with their eyes bulging and their necks craned. As we looked the ship's hull seemed to rock slightly, straining forwards. The next moment she had left the table, cargo and all, and was floating in the air above our heads.

I jerked mine round to look at Lena. There, where she had sat, a patch of darkness lay like a pattern cut out of black velvet. I remember thinking "How terribly convenient. Now if she'd teach me to do that to myself those times when Peter meets me with Maitland, and cuts up rough about it afterwards. . . . Oh, to have the power of allowing people to see you when you like, and not when you don't!"

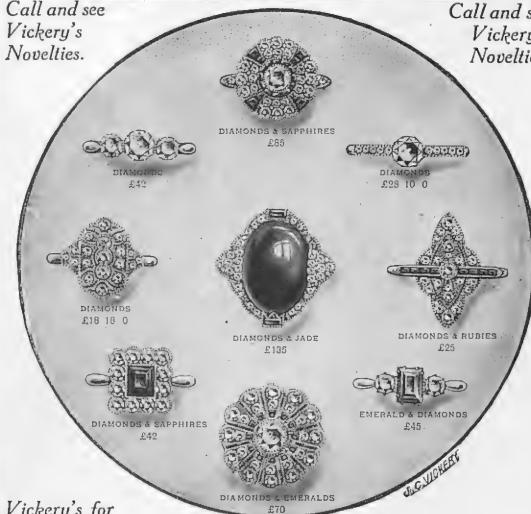
The little ship had nearly reached the ceiling now. She was careening heavily to one side because of the weight of my bracelet which Maxine's pearls didn't nearly balance. "What'll happen when she touches it," I thought, craning my neck upward with the others. And just then, as though somebody had dropped an extinguisher over her, she simply vanished.

I heard Maitland come to himself with a jerk on one side of me. This time we all looked towards Lena's chair. It was still empty. Then to the middle of the table. There stood the galleon motionless, empty too.

(Continued on p. xxii)

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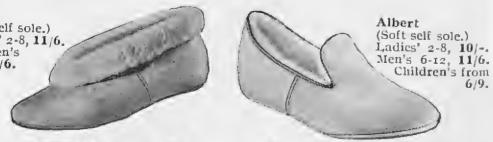
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It was Maxine who spoke first. "I'm so dam' cold," she whimpered, "somebody's left the door open and there's a draught —"

The dining-room door which had been closed at the beginning of the meal stood wide open now as though someone had just passed out in a hurry, and judging from the strong current of air that came through it, the hall door was open as well. We ran into the hall and looked out. It was a black, windy night, with the rain driving in sheets over the pavement in front of the house. Because of the rain, I suppose, there was no sound of anyone passing, though the noise of a taxi was dying away in the distance.

We stood there in the hall, shivering, looking from one to another. Presently the green baize door at the end opened quietly and Moxton, the Cramps' butler came towards us, drawn, I suppose, by our voices and by the wind which must have been sweeping right through the house by now. It was Maitland who found his head quickest. "Get a couple of taxis, will you?" he asked; "we're going on to Vestey's. Mrs. Cramp is ahead." Then we went back to the dining-room again to wait.

"But why us?" Maxine kept saying like a parrot, "Why didn't she take her own jewels and things —"

"Because they were Cramp's," Bob told her promptly, "and Cramp would pursue Tim and her to the ends of the earth to recover his own. He's that kind of bloke. Whereas she knew that

all these here present, being friends, though we do not attend divine service, would never pass the collection plate in any deserving cause."

He snatched up the galleon as he spoke, holding it before my nose with his best churchwarden's stoop. But I didn't smile because I consider some things in good taste and some not.

So the two taxis came and we got out of that house and drove to Vestey's, which I dare say you know. Bob had, of course, chosen it because they all knew it was the only night-club in London Peter didn't go to, and the less often he saw me with Maitland the longer trouble could be avoided.

A warm, scented, friendly air enfolded us the moment we entered the place. The band was playing, and it simply slipped me into Maitland's arms as though it was some sort of a musical shoe-horn. It was midnight, and there wasn't much space to dance in, but the rhythmic beat in our blood so that we couldn't keep still.

"That's a wonderful tune. I was just thinking, when Maitland said it too. "That's a wonderful tune, isn't it darling?"

"Yes," I said, half asleep with the beat of the banjos and the warmth of his arms. And yet, just then curiously enough, another part of me suddenly wondered if Lena escaping with her Tim and our jewels and money, wasn't more moral in the long run than we.



Ian Smith
WITH THE BUCCLEUCH: LORD MELGUND AND LADY WILLA ELLIOT
The children of the Earl and Countess of Minto selling Flanders' poppies when the Buccleuch hounds met at Minto House, Hawick. Little Lord Melgund was born in 1928, and his sister in 1924



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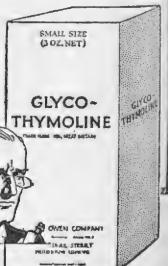
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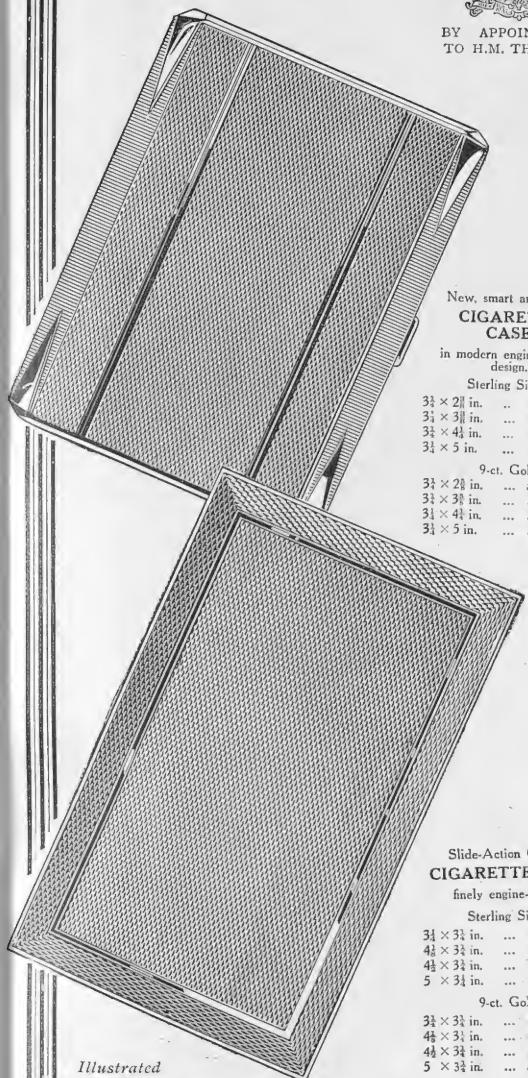
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Mr. Caulfeild is in our sports department daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. during the above dates to advise our customers, if required, on all winter sports questions

Fortnum & Mason

182 Piccadilly W1



HIGH-BALLS

By "THE RACKETEER"

The entire world is apparently destitute, though where all the stuff has gone to no one seems able to explain, and the blame is thrown on "over-production," which the man in the street would think would have reduced prices so much that we could all live like lords. It would perhaps be more correct to say like lords used to, for one well-known peer a generation or two back, who went on a longish gallop, was in the habit, when his moment of retrospection scared him, to build a cathedral to save his conscience. His present-day descendant who could give him 10 lb., a start and a beating, has, however, up to date not been responsible for the building of even one of the most Methodical of chapels, but this, it must be allowed, may be as much due to lack of time for retrospection as to over-taxation.

The controllers of the world's financial situation appear to be a group of financiers who, having sunk to the level of the domestic ruminant, spend their entire lives either "bulling" or "bearing." Up to now we have greeted the former with cheerful faces, smoked large cigars, bought large cars and talked of prosperity, while in the latter case we have bought the same cigars and cars, conversing dismally of ruin. Allah be praised, there is no debtors' prison nowadays, or by this time next year we should all be behind

the bars, receiving visits on Thursdays from any friends who had been foxy enough to get on the dole and stay outside.

The pinch is, however, beginning to be very really felt, and from the Shires one hears of many who are giving up hunting, and thus causing further unemployment. Two who will be very much missed up there are Colonel and Mrs. Fred Cripps, who have taken and are personally running Douglas' hair-dressing establishment. My first intimation of the venture was from a French friend, who told me they "had taken a place to cut hair in Bond Street." Being slightly deaf, possessing only a smattering of French, and knowing the Colonel's

of the "Rue de Bond."

While regrettably drawing nothing for the advertisement, may I say that not only are the charges and comfort extremely competitive, but the tonorial artists employed seem to realize that one doesn't care two hoots why the "Crouch End Saturdays" could only make a draw of it with the "Highbury Hammers," and that one is unable at a glance to put one's finger on the blot on a handicap it has nearly given Mr. Dawkins cerebral congestion to compile. Why hair-dressers should consider it essential to set a sort of questionnaire to the customer it is hard to say, the only worse menace to sanity being the Turkish Bath masseur who seems to consider that you are having hot compresses put on your liver at 9 a.m., not because you feel damnable ill, but just to make an excuse for a gossip with him, which, like all of his class, he likes to lead round to his children

(Continued on p. xxvi)



A CABARET IN KASHMIR

One of the numbers in an excellent amateur cabaret show at Srinagar, Kashmir, that delectable spot on the Jhelum. The names, left to right, are: Miss May Coleridge, Captain Guy Routledge, Miss Margery Coleridge, Mr. P. Paterson, and Miss Betty Kaye, daughter of Sir Cecil Kaye, Major-General Coleridge commands the Peshawar district

Why not A PRIVATE ICE SKATING PARTY?

Skating parties are to be the fashion this winter and a really delightful private ice rink is available at **Grosvenor House, Park Lane.** Supper parties, dinner parties and "skating à thé" can be easily arranged. The rink can also be hired for private practice.

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THE MANAGER
GROSVENOR HOUSE
PARK LANE
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When cleaning or making loose covers, any housewife can take this Minty Club Chair apart. No hidden dust-traps. Hair and fibre stuffing, springs in each part interlaced with woven wire.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS **MINTY CHAIR**
Prices from **37/6** according to length of seat.

Write for Catalogue of the Minty "Varsity" and "Club" Chairs.

Minty LTD. (Dept. 37), 44-45, HIGH ST., OXFORD.
New and Enlarged London Showrooms :
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SEASON'S EVENTS

33

INNUMERABLE AND NOVEL ATTRACTIONS—organised by M. René Leon who is responsible for the creation of the modernised Monte Carlo, of which he is the moving spirit.

MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—with its twenty-one perfect courts, the Mecca of tennis enthusiasts.

MONT AGEL GOLF CLUB—open all the year round. 18-holes course.

THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT AUTOMOBILE EVENTS IN EUROPE—**THE AUTOMOBILE RALLY**, for which over 100 cars started last year. **THE ELEGANCE COMPETITION**, and **THE GRAND PRIX OF MONACO**—for speed.

OPERA—Under the management of Raoul Gunsbourg, and under the patronage of H.S.H. Prince Louis of Monaco, from January to April.

MUSIC—Classical and modern, under the leadership of Paul Paray, from November to May. The most selective on the Continent.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS AND BALLETs from November to January, under the management of M. René Blum.

HOTELS—the principal ones of which have undergone notable improvements and are renowned for their comfort and all-round excellence.

BALLS = GALAS = FLORAL FÊTES

For all information and hotel charges, apply to the Society des Bains de Mer, Monte Carlo.



MISS IVY TRESMAND,

London's brilliant young Revue Artiste, at present appearing in "Little Tommy Tucker" at Daly's Theatre, W., writes :-

"ON a comparison, revue seems to me to exact a greater versatility, and continuously to demand the very last ounce of effort and energy from a performer, than does any other form of stage entertainment, and it is my experience that the resultant mental and physical fatigue is very greatly minimised by the nerve-strengthening properties of Phosferine. I am sure Phosferine keeps my vitality unimpaired and equal to always working at my best, without any subsequent overstrain or sense of flagging. Also, at such times as I can give to my recreations, Swimming and Dancing, I make it a rule beforehand to take a little dose of Phosferine, as I find it helps me to get the utmost benefit and enjoyment from them, leaving me afterwards feeling quite exhilarated and always fresh for my work."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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From Chemists.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take SANACINE—The most effective Remedy for Colds and Coughs (A Phosferine Product) Tablets and Liquid 1/3 and 3/- Aldauch



High-Balls—Continued from p. xxiv

in the hopes of finishing by showing a snapshot, produced from a greasy pocket-book, of a child ugly to the point of obscenity.

The exodus from England for the increasingly popular East Africa started earlier this year owing to several people taking the Abyssinian coronation *en route*, an impressive ceremony by all accounts, more particularly the presentation of the gifts of all nations. These included from Germany a signed photo of President Hindenberg and a thousand bottles of hock, but no mention is made of our caricature of Ramsay MacDonald for the opposite side of the mantelpiece and a pipe of "Gibbey's Invalid" for the other bin. Captain "Teddy" Brook, who has accompanied His Royal Highness on the trip, knows the safari business backwards, and is, I understand, going straight back there again on his return to England till March, which will probably save him a couple of dives through a windscreen. Lord and Lady Blandford, Captain and Mrs. Kellett, Lord Furness, and Captain Pilkington are others who are probably also going this year instead of hunting in the Midlands as they generally do. From all accounts there will be just as many people hunting this year as ever, and its continued popularity is amazing. One of the oddest traits is that whereas a man will admit he hates skating, loathes golf, or suffers from vertigo mountaineering, not one man in a thousand will admit he *hates* hunting, obvious as it may be or transparent as may be his excuses for not taking part. Whatever theories may be advanced against hunting and blood

sports there can be no doubt whatsoever that, putting all else on one side, without them the countryside would become deserted. The raw, grey, still winter morning which, despite making shaving such a curse, delights the heart of the sportsman, would discourage the sport-shorn man or woman in a week. Servants would be sacked, country houses closed down and the whole shooting match would go abroad for the winter.

I am anxious to know what was the correct deportmental procedure in the following case of which I was a witness the other day while attending a terrifying hot evening meal, presided over by a hostess so dignified and aristocratic as to preclude all idea of really enjoying the excellent food provided. The ordeal was nearing its close when the second footman, who was probably buried in quicklime next day, caught his toe on a beige coloured Great Dane of much the same markings as the carpet, and upset the entire contents of a bottle of Jackson's delicious figs in brandy over a pretty, frightened, fair-haired girl in white satin. With the red-hot gimlet eye of her hostess upon her there was the "still not a move" silence of a battalion at "the present," with the exception of a slight gulp and an involuntary shudder as the first of the health-giving fruits slid down her corsage, then with a final look which plainly said, "If you holler I'll third degree you in the ladies' cloak-room afterwards." The indomitable hostess resumed her conversation for another ten minutes while sticky stalactites slowly crystallized on the wretched victim. Surely they might have anyway unbent sufficiently to smother her with French chalk to prevent her sticking to us.



AT THE SUFFOLK HUNT BALL

A group at the Athenaeum, Bury St. Edmunds, the fixture for this always cheery show—a big success again this year. Colonel H. Hamblin has had these hounds since 1923, and is in a group on another page. In this group, left to right, are: Sitting—Miss Sheila Beddington, Miss Patricia Villiers-Stuart, Miss Pamela Cazier, and Colonel P. Villiers-Stuart; standing—Mr. Stephen Bull and Mr. Batt



BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

Castillon... to toast the days that are past, and then refill the glasses to the future. No Brandy is more able to make the past mellow or the future hopeful than this fine Cognac, Brandy at its very best.

Castillon is obtainable from wine and spirit merchants or the principal stores in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks.



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Verdure and blossom . . . Peak and chasm . . . Mosque and minaret . . . Ghostly ruins and teeming bazaars . . . Golden sands and glittering sequins . . . Picturesque villages and mud cities . . . Sunsets and the Moonlight.

A magnificent tour in the Land of the stork, the scarlet ibis and the gold-laden date—the land of blond red dawn, gorgeous sunset and peerless translucent night.

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BUT to see the Sahara's greatest wonders you must get to the South.

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Income £500	Income £1000	Income £1500	Income £2000
TAX 4% RA. (-0·4%)	TAX 13% PA. (1·30%)	TAX 50% RA. (3·33%)	TAX 106% PA. (5·30%)

To realise Victoria (the capital) you must take all that the eye admires most in Bournemouth, Torquay, the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley at Hong Kong, the Doon, Sorrento, and Camps Bay; add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands, and arrange the whole around the Bay of Naples, with some Himalayas for the background." Rudyard Kipling

BRITISH COLUMBIA

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An exquisite and very fashionable Evening Wrap developed in a rich Lamé-brocade of Peach-and-Gold, luxuriously bordered with sable-dyed Hare and lined throughout with Peach-coloured velvet.

Price 22 gns.

Illustrated Catalogue sent post free.

JAY'S Ltd.
REGENT STREET, W1

WEDDINGS AND

Next Summer.
Captain Roderick C Andrew Anderson, M.C., the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson of Christchurch, New Zealand, and Miss Eileen Margaret Voelcker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Voelcker of 110, Oakwood Court, Kensington, have arranged for their wedding to take place next June.

In Malta.
On December 18, Lieutenant E. C. Coats, R.N., the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Coats Sundrum, Ayr, and Miss Gudrun Johnson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of 70, Oden-gatan, Stockholm, are being married in Malta.

Next Month.
Mr. Henry Edmund Sargent of General's Meadow, Walmer,



MR. AND MRS. F. E. S. BOWLBY

Who were married at Duns on November 6. Mr. Francis E. S. Bowlby is in the Royal Scots Greys, and his wife was formerly Miss Joan Catherine Trotter, and is the only daughter of Colonel Trotter, D.S.O., M.V.O., and Lady Edith Trotter



MRS. R. A. CASSIDI

Whose marriage took place recently at Strathpeffer to Lieut.-Commander R. A. Cassidy, H.M.S. "Ark Royal." She was formerly Miss Anne Oldfield, and is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Oldfield of Coull House, Strathpeffer

and Miss Mary Kathleen Lemmey are being married at the Parish Church, Crowther, Berks, on December 6; on the 17th Mr. Ewen Donald Cameron marries Miss Enid Levita at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; the 30th is the date fixed for the marriage between Captain Gerald H. Brooks, Royal Tank Corps, and Miss Gwenda Robinson; and on the next day there is the marriage between Mr. Osmond James George McMullen and Miss

ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. V. R. A. COWPER

Photographed after their marriage on October 28 at Farnham, Surrey. Mrs. Cowper was before her marriage Miss Sylvia Bather, and is the only daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. H. Bather of Brackenhurst, Rowledge, Farnham

Muriel Mary Chev
which is to be at
St. Mark's, North
Audley Street.

Recently Engaged
Mr. Eric Willing Kennedy, the
East Surrey Regiment, the son of the
late Major J. N. C. Kennedy, Roy
Engineers, and Miss
Kennedy, and Miss
Rachel Bruce, the
youngest daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. R. A. Bruce of
The Knoll, Yeovil.
Mr. A. R. H. Nye,
late R.N., the elder
son of Paymaster
Captain A. T. L.
Nye, R.N., O.B.E.
and of Mrs. Nye
and Miss Eileen
Hamby, the only
daughter of Mr. F.
N. Hamby of Chis-
wick House, Ditton
Hill, Surbiton.
Mr. Noel Fownes-Rigden, the
youngest son of Mr. and
Mrs. W. Fownes Rigden
of Wilmhurst, Wey-
bridge, and Miss
Joan Wingrave, the
only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H.
Wingrave of Wy-
thenshaw, Castle
Road, Weybridge.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

NEWEST NOVELTIES IN LINGERIE

Our Lingerie Department has been removed from the first to the newly designed second floor. The fittings having been carried out in light walnut offer a very effective background to our wonderful display of the newest novelties in Lingerie. This Department is without doubt the most beautiful and delightful of its kind in London, and further, the added privacy affords customers every comfort and convenience while making their purchases.

SMART THREE-PIECE PYJAMA in fancy crépe-de-Chine, crossover bodice of plain material; short coat with long sleeves to tie in front. In black/pink, black/white, orange/black or lime/black.

Price **5½ Gns.**

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Orlak has delighted Society Brides... Now give it for Christmas

**Beautiful Orlak Oven-Table Glass
for the ALL-GLASS Dinner Table**

GLASS TABLE, DRINKING GLASSES & LAMP BY CHARM OF CHELSEA



ORLAK OVEN-TABLE GLASS

T.3 You can now buy Orlak dishes from 1/6d—casseroles with lids from 2/11d.



Fancy dishes as Christmas presents! Ah, but what dishes! Lovely gleaming shapes of clear transparent glass designed by a famous artist. So beautiful that all Mayfair has chosen them this year for wedding presents, knowing that brides will want them to complete their all-glass dinner tables. Remember this when you are looking at Orlak dishes and casseroles in the shops and deciding to give them for Christmas: *Orlak Oven-Table Glass is guaranteed for two years against breakage through oven heat!* Your friends will be able to have meals cooked in the hottest oven and brought straight to the table—warm as toast. However daintily the table is decorated, Orlak will fit into the picture perfectly. On the fashionable all-glass dinner table where everything is of glass Orlak is literally in its element, glittering and winking away with the starriest wine-glasses and decanters. Buy your Orlak Christmas presents early. Go out to a glass and china shop to-day. You will find a wealth of different shapes to choose from and you can buy Orlak in sets or in single pieces. The shallow entrée dish illustrated here is a special design and its price is 7/11. It can be had with or without a lid. Write for illustrated Orlak booklet to Chance Brothers and Co., Limited, Dept. G, Smethwick, Birmingham.



TOY TIME

We are all getting 'Toy-Minded' just now—and toys are definitely a Gamage speciality as they have been for over 40 years. At Marble Arch, we have staged the most magnificent toy display ever seen in the West End. Everything that is new in toys can be seen, and purchased under ideal shopping conditions. There are no Side Shows or Amusements. Nearly the whole of the great lower ground floor is devoted to this truly wonderful display.

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mistakes, who flies dangerously, who ignores the rules, who fails to retain control; who flies too high or too low, or not low enough or not high enough. Even when the *R 101* crashed there was an instantaneous reaction towards blaming the pilot before any reliable evidence was available. It is always the pilot who makes mistakes; never the designer. But then the designer has a powerful firm of constructors behind him. This incessant blaming of the pilot leads to the belief that flying must require super-human intelligence and a super-human motor and receptor apparatus. For pilots are examined medically and must possess a high standard of physical fitness. If they are incapable of flying properly who is capable?

In criticizing air accidents we must be prepared to face the wrath of constructors, and we must accept it as a fact that pilots are not invariably subnormal. If they crash and if the aeroplane and its engine are found intact, it is not necessarily to be inferred that the crash was due to an error of judgment on the part of the pilot; it may be that the aeroplane demanded a greater accuracy of judgment than is within human reach. That is the crux of the situation. A machine which, to be safe, must be controlled by creatures possessing super-human judgment is a bad machine on this earth. Whenever an aeroplane spins into the ground or dives into the ground after a stall I should like to see the verdict "error of judgment on the part of the designer." Let us, in other words, give the designer his due. Let us not only praise him when he succeeds, but also let us criticize him when he fails.

The smallest working aero engine in the world (and the winner of the Championship Cup at the Small Power Engineering and Scientific Exhibition, London, 1930), was designed and built in his spare time by Mr. Gerald Smith of Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd., Coventry. This model 18-cylinder engine has over 3,000 parts. It took Mr. Smith six years to make on a 4-in. Drummond treadle lathe, every part, including the piston rings, plugs, valve springs, nuts, and bolts, being made by the owner, who also constructed the necessary patterns and castings. The engine develops 15 h.p. and weighs 30 lb. Each cylinder has four overhead valves and dual ignition, the valve rockers being operated through push rods, tappets, and a cam drum driven by an epicyclic gear.

With reference to the group of the International Rugger side v. Downside School published on the Rugby Ramblings page in this issue, we received the following full list of the names which will supply a useful key to the picture too late for inclusion in the appropriate spot. Left to right: Standing—H. C. Laird (England and Harlequins), A. Key (England and Old Cranleighans), B. J. Gallagher, B. R. Turnbull (Wales and Cardiff), R. J. Hignell, W. de Vere Hunt (Ireland and Rosslyn Park), A. J. Goodman, I. B. M. Stewart (Ireland and London Irish), A. E. Denaro, W. C. Powell (Wales and London Welsh), H. J. Whyte, J. S. Reeve (England and Harlequins), J. Daniell (England and Cambridge University), D. J. McMyn (Scotland and London Scottish), F. M. Phelps, F. Waters (Scotland and London Scottish), J. D. Marsden, E. Coley (England and Northampton), A. D. H. Grayson, sitting—P. H. Biigel, J. E. Hutton (Scotland and Harlequins), C. A. de Cosson, A. L. Gracie (Scotland and Harlequins), E. D. O'Connor, O. J. Piper (Ireland), R. Cove-Smith, captain (England and Old Merchant Taylors), Rev. R. S. Trafford (headmaster), W. W. Wakefield (England and Harlequins), J. S. Tucker (England and Bristol), J. A. Arnold, B. H. Black (England and Oxford), A. P. K. O'Connor, T. Harris (England and Northampton), T. Foley, in front—M. J. Innes, G. B. Shaw.



AT THE LEDBURY OPENING MEET
Miss Diana Coventry, the daughter of the late the Hon. Charles Coventry, who is just back from America, Mrs. J. K. Stevenson and Mrs. R. Chichester. The Ledbury fixture on this occasion was Forthampton Court, near Tewkesbury

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No. 0762.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black, 19/9
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Red, Green and White Satin. Postage 6d.
Other shades not in stock can be dyed, 2/6 extra.



No. 0764.—Crêpe-de-Chine, piped Silver
Kid, in Black and White, Japanese
Red, Bermuda Green, Jeanne d'Arc
Blue, Platé and Beige. Postage 6d.
Other shades not in stock can be dyed, 2/6 extra.



No. 0763.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black
and White, Jeanne d'Arc Blue, Japanese
Red and Bermuda Green. Postage 6d.
Other shades not in stock can be dyed, 2/6 extra.



No. 0760.—Crêpe-de-Chine, piped Silver
Kid. Stocked in Black and White. 25/9
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No. 0761.—Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black
and White; also in White Satin. 21/9
Can be dyed any shade, 2/6 extra. Postage 6d.

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124, OXFORD STREET 255, OXFORD STREET
(Next to D. H. Evans).
82, REGENT STREET (Next to Jay's).
(Opp. Piccadilly Hotel). 98, KENSINGTON HIGH ST.
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Notes from Here and There

F Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £10 to soften the winter severities for a gentlewoman who is making a pitiful struggle to support herself. Brought up without adequate training to support herself, for many years she lived by doing really beautiful church embroidery. A few months ago, alas, her eyesight began to fail, and now she can take only limited orders of ordinary sewing. She lives in one room trying to eke out her tiny income of £20, but she constantly suffers from neuritis and other ills largely brought on by starvation. She has repeatedly answered advertisements for posts for companion or housekeeper (being an excellent cook), but she is very deaf, and it does not seem possible for her to get this sort of work. We want to collect sufficient to give her a small weekly allowance during the coming cold weather, or at least until she can get further work. Please send gifts for coal and food.

* * *

People when they get to forty have an inclination to hide the fact. Organizations on the other hand are proud of their powers of survival. Anyhow the Children's Salon feels that there is nothing to conceal in the fact that it is now completing its fortieth year with an additional membership four times as large as any achieved before in a single year. The Salon is a "two-way street." In one direction it concerns itself with self-expression in the arts by means of the competitions in painting, literature, needlework, etc., held in "Britannia and Eve" every month for money prizes, and in the other direction it concentrates on good works. Its members have, in fact, endowed no fewer than thirteen cots in the principal children's hospitals in London and elsewhere, and are now collecting for their fourteenth in the Streatham Babies' Hospital. In connection with this work the Salon has just received a cheque for £50 from the Alexandra Day Committee. The Children's Salon is not any longer confined only to young people, and in its varied competition circles many grown-ups—both men and women—as well as children compete, a special feature in this respect being the criticisms of entries which are given in "Britannia and Eve" every month. Enrolment forms and further particulars are to be found in the special Salon pages of "Britannia and Eve."

* * *

The new silent theatre box—one of Cadbury's many ingenious inventions—is a worthy rejoinder to those who from time to time write bitterly in the Press about the rustling chocolate box in the Theatre. This new packing



MISS DOROTHY BRANDON

The authoress of "The Outsider," the clever play at the Apollo Theatre, in which Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Harold Huth, and Miss Isobel Elsom are appearing

effectively solves the problem and is as silent a box as it is possible to prepare. The chocolates are packed between special non-rustling paper instead of the customary "crinkly" cups; a special pad replaces the usual layer of snip and is enclosed in cellophane neatly fixed inside the lid, again to avoid rustling. The lid itself is covered in cellophane in such a way that it need not be broken when opening; and the box is fastened specially by a narrow seal which will be torn noiselessly. Another distinctive feature is the hinged lid which will be found a particular convenience in a darkened theatre or cinema. The box contains

1 lb. of the popular Princess Elizabeth chocolates neatly and compactly arranged in one layer only so that the whole packing can be slipped conveniently into pocket or handbag.

* * *

In another part of this issue there is a page devoted to the footwear of the Dolcis Shoe Company. Should there be no Dolcis Shoe Salons in a neighbourhood, these shoes may be obtained from the Company's Headquarters, 7-10, Great Dover Street, London, S.E. 1, the postage being 6d. per pair extra.

* * *

In the early November output of His Master's Voice gramophone records attention is paid to the observance of Armistice Day. The New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and with Herbert Dawson at the organ, give a moving rendering of Sullivan's finest overture, "In Memoriam." Peter Dawson's versatility is revealed in the dramatic singing of "Le Rêve Passe" with stirring effects, and he suggests the real spirit of the Empire's defenders in "Boys of the Old Brigade." The immortal "It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary" is served up in fresh fashion by the International Novelty Band with male chorus and they suggest the martial Frenchman with "Madelon." A record which is a powerful argument for peace is found in "Brigade Exchange," the gramophone giving all the grim realism of the B.B.C. thrilling drama. As a contrast we have the lighter side, "The Cockney Spirit in the War," cheery chatter by Ambrose Thorne, Alex. Field, and Alf Goddard.

Among a number of Scottish records are two by Sir Harry Lauder, at the top of his breezy form in four ballads of love and laughter, really great entertainment. Gracie Fields, just back from her American triumphs, is a knowing card with "What Archibald says goes," and next our wondrous comedienne is in romantic mood with "Falling in Love again." That amazing boy genius of the violin, Yehudi Menuhin, is miraculously superb with Mozart's Concerto in G minor and also with "Sarabande and Tambourin."

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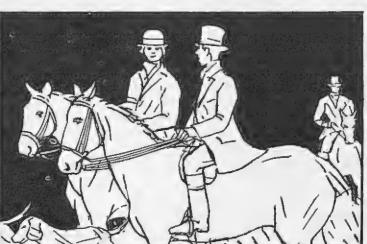
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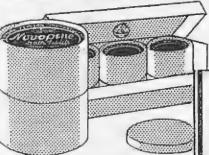
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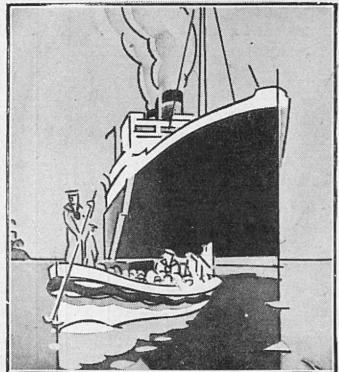
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their feet, listening docilely to his eloquent panegyrics of revolutionary virtue, his prophecies of the Republic which was to come. Lately, indeed, she often accompanied him to the Ministry, sat in his room naively interested, while he paid out bundles of notes, bags of coins, against meticulously scrutinized requisitions, or rigidly refused some hectoring ruffian in uniform whose demand was suspect. The subordinate employees all knew this pretty *citoyenne*, with a charming word and smile for everyone, who was the *femme révolutionnaire* of the vice-delegate, entitled to pass and out as she pleased. She laughed merrily as she hung on his arm, dainty in the light dress appropriate to this summer day which, cleverly, she had made in the afternoons she spent with Mme. Bullier.

"How terribly you frown! You haven't said a word for the past ten minutes, *sais-tu, mon chou?*"

"Hein?" He jerked out his heavy thoughts. "I was wondering what is going to happen. Those imbeciles at the Hôtel-de-Ville think only of fighting each other, instead of defending the Commune. At any moment the Versaillais may assault. I heard this morning that the ramparts between the Point-du-Jour and Auteuil are almost abandoned."

She glanced at him, suddenly serious . . .

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One night, when it was raining and we did not go to the roof, Michael asked her to marry him, and suddenly tears came rolling down her cheeks till she couldn't stop them.

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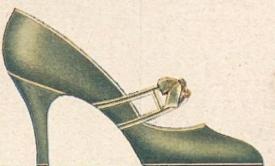
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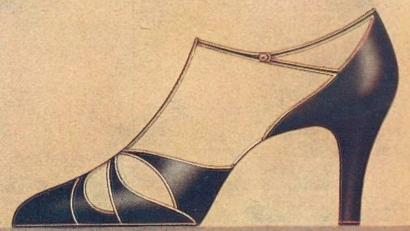
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